

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.
BIRTHDAY SONGS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

I. THE BIRD.

I.

On the window, lifted an inch,
A tiny bird taps without fear,
A brave little chirruping finch —
And I slide up the sash when I hear.

II.

Ah, the dreary November morn!
Ah, the weary London din!
Light has wither'd as soon as born —
But the brave little bird hops in.

III.

He has piped me a magic tune:
He has perch'd on my finger and sung:
He has charmed back the time all June,
When my neighbour and I were young.

IV.

Do I lean back and rest, and hearken
To the bird that pipes on my hand?
Do I walk where no winters darken,
In a far-away fairy land?

V.

There a girl comes, with brown locks curl'd,
My friend, and we talk face to face;
Crying, "O what a beautiful world!"
Crying, "O what a happy place!"

VI.

Blessed little bird with bright eyes,
Perch here and warble all the day!
Pipe your witch-tune — ah, he flies, flies;
He was sent me — but not to stay.

II HOME.

I.

HOMEWARD wend we — Ah, my dear,
From the feast of youth, and you,
Under clouded stars or clear,
On in front a step or two,
Bid me sing, the road to cheer.

II.

Cloak'd in grey on wedding white,
Dim you glide before, and call
O'er your shoulder, "Sad is night,
Sing of sunshine over all;
Sing of daytime — sad is night."

III.

And I answer, "Day was fair;
Day with all its joys is dead:
Like the large rose in your hair,
All its hundred petals shed,
Fallen, fluttered here and there.

IV.

"And the sunshine you recall —
Ah, my dear, but is it true?
Did such sunshine ever fall
Out of any sky so blue?
Half I think we dreamed it all.

V.

"Lo, a wind of dawn doth rise,
Chirps and odours float therein: —
Ah, my dear, lift up your eyes!
Landmarks of our home begin;
Breaks the morning where it lies."

MARY BROTHERTON.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Thy kingdom come. Great need I have, Thou
knowest,
Good Lord, that Thy strong kingdom come to
me;

Lest I should sink still nearer to the lowest,
And lose the few faint stars that now I see.

My kingdom, Lord, — its glory is departed,
Its palaces are low, its skies are grey;
And I have lost my way — am listless-hearted.
"Thy kingdom come" is all that I can say.

Thy kingdom, in its purity and beauty —
Free-blowing airs of heaven — come to me!
"Nay, thou shalt rather seek it in thy Duty,
'Mid the dull waters of life's restless sea!"
Good Words.

IN THE EVENING.

ALL day the wind had howled along the leas,
All day the wind had swept across the plain,
All day on rustling grass, and waving trees,
Had fallen "the useful trouble of the rain,"
All day beneath the low-hung dreary sky,
The dripping earth had cowered sullenly.

At last the wind had sobbed itself to rest,
At last to weary calmness sank the storm,
A crimson line gleamed sudden in the west,
Where golden flecks rose wavering into form.
A hushed revival heralded the night,
And with the evening time awoke the light.

The rosy colour flushed the long grey waves;
The rosy colour tinged the mountains' brown;
And where the old church watched the village
graves,

Wooded to a passing blush the yew trees' frown.
Bird, beast, and flower relenting nature knew,
And one pale star rose shimmering in the blue.

So, to a life long crushed in heavy grief,
So, to a path long darkened by despair,
The slow sad hours bring touches of relief,
Whispers of hope, and strength of trustful
prayer.

"Tarry His leisure." God of love and might,
And with the evening time where will be light!
All the Year Round.

TO A ROBIN.

SWEET little bird! along the path
Where fallen leaves and flowers lie,
Thy mellow song sweet music hath
To turn the shadows in mine eye.

Full of strong life, thy voice is heard
Amidst so much that speaks of death,
Singing when every other bird
So little in my garden saith.

When it shall be my time to die,
Come to my window, little bird,
That I may say a last "good-bye,"
And hear again this song just heard.

Chambers' Journal

From The British Quarterly Review.
MAHOMET.*

THE appearance in the English tongue of a defence of the Mahometan religion from the hand of one who on the one hand claims a lineal descent from the Prophet, and on the other hand has been enrolled in an English order of knighthood, is a mark of the drawing together of East and West which would have seemed impossible a generation or two back. And it marks that drawing together in its best form. It is something new for a professor of Islam, evidently devout and learned according to his own standard, to stand forth and challenge European and Christian thinkers on their own ground. It is a sign of a new spirit among thoughtful Mahometans, when a writer of their religion no longer shuts himself up within the old barriers of his exclusive creed. The bidding of his Prophet and forefather to make ceaseless war upon the infidel is carried out by Syed Ahmed Khan in a new shape. The faith can no longer be spread over new realms at the sword's point: but new fields of conflict, and therefore of possible triumph, are laid open. It is to the credit of the followers of Islam if they are learning, as the author of this book clearly has learned, that it is a false policy for a system which can no longer spread itself by temporal weapons to withdraw itself into sullen isolation. Our Syed takes a far worthier course, and one which shows a far truer faith in his own religion, by trying to show that that religion need not shun the light, but that it dares to stand forth and meet other systems face to face on the arena of free inquiry. The mutual contempt of Christian and Moslem has been largely the result of mutual ignorance. It has largely been the result of each side seeing the other in its worst form. And the fashion of glorifying one particular Mahometan power, which has prevailed by fits and starts for some years, as it certainly does not rise out of any deep knowledge of Islam and its history, is not likely to tend to any fair

and reasonable interchange of ideas between Mahometans and Christians. Such a book as that of Syed Ahmed opens to us a new world. Few Europeans have any notion of the vast mass of theological literature which has gathered together at the hands of Mahometan divines, of the vast mass of commentaries of which the Koran has become the centre. It is possible that in some cases Western controversialists might find their antagonists in the East somewhat stronger than they might expect. But at all events they may be surprised at finding the war carried into their own country. Syed Ahmed is evidently not afraid of meeting either Christian divines or European scholars on their own ground. He is certainly not free from that contempt for the Infidel which seems inherent in the Moslem character, and which is, we suppose, specially becoming in a descendant of the Prophet. The Syed is ready to acknowledge, and to acknowledge with thankfulness, any instances where his great forefather has received favourable or even just dealing at the hands of European writers.* Still, on the whole, he looks down on his Christian antagonists. And he looks down on them with a sort of contemptuous pity as his intellectual inferiors, as men less thoughtful and less well-informed than himself. Such a state of mind is certainly not the best for engaging in controversy; but on the other hand, it is certainly not the worst. Syed Ahmed, as we hold, over-rates his own knowledge and his own powers of

* We must here point out a singular imposture of which the Syed has been made the victim. He quotes, among authors who have done justice to Mahomet and his system, "Edward Gibbon, the celebrated historian, Godfrey Higgins, Thomas Carlyle, and John Davenport." When we read this passage we had never before heard the name of John Davenport, but it struck us as remarkable that the greater part of the passage quoted in his name came word for word from Mr. Freeman's "History and Conquests of the Saracens." We have since with some difficulty procured a copy of Mr. Davenport's book, which could not be found in any regular publisher's catalogue. The book is "An Apology for Mohammed and the Koran, by John Davenport. London: Printed for the author, and to be had of J. Davis and Sons, 137, Long Acre. 1869." In this book, pp. 140, 141 are copied without acknowledgment, and we think without the change of a word, from passages in pp. 42, 46, 56, 59, of Mr. Freeman's book.

* *A Series of Essays on the Life of Mohammed and subjects subsidiary thereto.* By SYED AHMED KHAN BAHADOR, C.S.I. Vol. I. London: Trubner and Co. 1870.

reasoning, as compared with those of his Christian opponents. But by so doing he admits that the question is a matter for reason and inquiry; and, after all, our Mahometan controversialist does not treat Christians as a body nearly so badly as Christians of different sects are often in the habit of treating one another.

We rejoice then at so promising a contribution as Syed Ahmed gives us towards filling up the gap which at present yawns between men of Eastern and Western nations, of Eastern and Western creeds. But even among Western scholars there yawns another gap almost as wide between those to whom the East and the West respectively supply subjects of study. The field of either Eastern or Western scholarship is so wide that it is hardly possible to find any man who is master of both alike. Each has need of the other at every step. The Western scholar is constantly brought into contact with the history of the East. As far as authentic records carry us back, the history of the civilized world has largely turned upon the great struggle between the two systems which we vaguely, yet not inaccurately, speak of as Eastern and Western. The rivalry of East and West, in those days the rivalry of the Barbarian and the Greek, was, in the eyes of Herodotus, the subject of the drama of human history. It was so in his own day; it had been so from the earliest days of which legend or tradition had anything to tell. Since his days the struggle has gone on in various forms, and the championship of each side has passed into the hands of various nations; and at almost all its stages, the struggle has been made fiercer and more abiding because religious differences have stepped in to heighten political enmity. The old faith of Persia, alike under Achaemenid and under Sassanid rule, stood forth as something hostile alike to the heathendom of the old Greek and to the Christianity of the late Roman. But the struggle never reached its full bitterness till the respective civilizations of the East and the West had leagued themselves for ever with the two religions between which, for the very reason that their teaching has so much in common, opposition has ever been most

deadly. The various forms of polytheism could always tolerate one another; they could for the most part hit upon some scheme of compromise or amalgamation. A national religion, like that of the Jew or the Persian might whet the spirit of patriotism in a struggle against an enemy of another faith; but its votaries were not bound to enter upon schemes of spiritual conquest. Content with the possession of their own law, they look with indifference on the fate which might, either in this world or the next, be designed for the less favoured and enlightened portion of mankind. But neither Christianity nor Islam can thus sit still without a thought for the spiritual welfare of others. Each alike proclaims itself as the one true faith, the one law for all lands and all nations, which none of the sons of men can reject except at the peril of his soul. Each alike, then, is in its own nature aggressive; each seeks to bring all the kingdoms of the earth within the one pale of safety; and, when persuasion fails, it is the avowed principle of one creed, it has been the frequent practice of the votaries of both, to extend the dominion of the one truth at the point of the sword. For the last twelve hundred years that struggle between East and West which has ever been the centre of all history has taken the special form of a struggle between Christendom and Islam. There is not a nation in Europe which has not had its share in the great conflict. Even those nations whose geographical position hindered them from standing in the forefront of the battle have at least sent their handful of crusaders to fight against the Paynim for the Holy Sepulchre. If the struggle has now ceased within the ordinary bounds of European diplomacy and warfare, if modern European policy, instead of ceaseless warfare with the Infidel, consists in propping up his tottering dominion over unwilling Christians, that is simply because, within the European border, the Infidel has ceased to be threatening. In more obscure parts of the world the struggle still goes on: it even seems not unlikely that it may soon be brought very near to our own doors. Recent reports speak of a wide-spread discontent among the Mahometan inhabitants of India, a

discontent grounded on no other cause than that, under British rule, the Mahometan is placed on a perfect equality with men of all other creeds, whereas he deems it his inherent right to rule over men of all other creeds. Such is indeed the inborn spirit of the Mahometan faith — a faith of which it is not an accident, but an essential principle, that it is to be spread by the sword, can never, except under compulsion, sit down on an equality with other faiths. It may, within certain limits it must, grant a contemptuous toleration to men of other religions; it can never willingly submit to accept toleration, or even equality, at the hands of those whom it looks on as made to be either its victims, its subjects, or its converts.

The more we feel the prominent part which the struggle between Christendom and Islam has borne in the general history of the world, the more deeply we feel the vast importance of a right understanding of the Mahometan history. Until we fully grasp the true nature and position of the rival power, whole volumes of Christian and European history remain most imperfectly understood. And the more deeply we feel all this, the more deeply also we feel the frightful difficulty of getting at a right understanding of the Mahometan history. We speak from the point of view of Western students, anxious, first of all, to understand the history of a system which has had such powerful effects on the history of the system which forms the subject of our own studies. But those who go so far as this cannot fail to be anxious also to know something, for its own sake, of a system which has exercised so powerful an influence upon the mind of man; and, if possible, they will be even more anxious to call up a lively image of the man who has wrought a greater change in the condition and history of the world than any other mere mortal. But the difficulties which beset a Western scholar in striving to gain a knowledge, so precious in itself and so important for his own purposes, are almost enough to make him draw back at the onset. He finds a gulf, which it seems hopeless to think of crossing, between himself and the original authorities on his subject. He finds a gulf

only less wide between himself and those modern scholars who have undertaken Eastern subjects, and who must serve as interpreters between himself and the original writers of Eastern history. Few scholars can be found who are masters alike of the Eastern and the Western languages. Here and there a man may be found who has enough knowledge both of European and Asiatic tongues to serve for the purposes of comparative philology. But it is almost impossible to find a man who is thoroughly master at once of the literature of the East and of the West. Thoroughly to work out in detail the long story of the relations between Christendom and Islam — a story which involves the story of the relations between West and East before Christendom and Islam arose — a man must add a thorough knowledge of European history, classical and mediæval, to a knowledge equally thorough of the vast mass of historical literature which has been accumulated through so many ages in the languages of the East. But such knowledge as this is only to be had piecemeal; its acquisition in all its fullness would surpass the longest life and the greatest energy which has ever fallen to the lot of man. The man who devotes himself to any one branch of the subject must be content to take many things at second-hand, on the authority of those who have devoted themselves to other branches. It is rare to find a man to whom all ages of European history, classical, mediæval, and modern, are alike familiar; and it is inconceivable that any man should be able to add to this unusual amount of Western knowledge anything more than a mere smattering of the needful knowledge of the East. Even if he has gained some knowledge of the chief historical languages of the East, mere lack of time will hinder him from gaining the same sort of knowledge of the historical literature contained in them which he has gained of the historical literature of the West. He is driven back at the threshold. He wishes, for instance, to gain a thorough knowledge, not only of the life and teaching of Mahomet, but of the practical working of his system as a religious and political code. He is told that "the living law

of Mahometanism is not to be found in the Koran, but in the commentators—a set of the most vicious scoundrels who ever disgraced humanity, whose first object seems to have been to relax the plain meaning of the original edicts as far as practicable.* He feels that he may possibly master the Koran, but that he has no hope of mastering the commentators. Yet such a warning as this makes him only the more anxious to master the commentators. He sees that the corruptions of a religion or of a code are an essential portion of its history. He feels that, thoroughly to understand the history and working of Islam, he must know, not only what the Prophet meant, but what his followers in successive ages have taken him to mean. And he is perhaps inclined to be indignant at finding any whole class of men described as “vicious scoundrels.” He knows something of the controversies of Christendom, of the additions and perversions with which disputants of one sect or another have overwhelmed the original purity of the faith. He knows something of the history of law in European countries, of the strange subtleties and the frequent wrongs which have sprung from the perverse ingenuity of lawyers, Roman, English, or any other. Yet he knows perfectly well that it would be utterly unfair to set down either the theologians or the lawyers of any age, sect, or country in Europe as being, in the mass, “a set of vicious scoundrels.” Nay more, if a religious and civil code has been for ages expounded by a set of vicious scoundrels, the mere fact is surely remarkable in itself. Such a fact must also have had a most important effect on the condition and history of the nations who have so long followed such unhappy guidance. The repulsive picture thus drawn of the Mahometan commentators makes us only the more anxious to know something about them. But we feel that, without giving up more time than we can afford to take from still more important matters, we must be content to abide in ignorance.

This is the kind of difficulty which is met at every step by those who lay no claim to the character of professed Oriental scholars, but who wish to gain that

knowledge of Eastern matters without which they feel that their knowledge even of Western matters is very imperfect. Yet they must thankfully acknowledge that a class of Oriental scholars has arisen, whose writings take away not a few of the difficulties in their path. We cannot forbear, even in passing, from paying a tribute of gratitude to such works on Oriental history as those of Malcolm, Elphinstone and Erskine. As to our own immediate subject, German scholarship may well be proud of such works as those of Weil and Sprenger, and English scholarship of the great work of Sir William Muir. We can hardly fancy a book better suited to our purpose, from our own point of view, than the clear and business-like volume of Dr. Weil.* In the larger work of Dr. Sprenger, a purely Western scholar may sometimes get bewildered with an Eastern scholarship which is too deep for him; he may sigh for something like order and method, and he may sometimes wish that the results were set forth with somewhat less of what he may be tempted to call irrelevant and undignified sprightliness.† He may also perhaps be inclined to see in his guide somewhat of a disposition to know more than can possibly be known. Yet he will none the less admire the prodigious stores of knowledge which Dr. Sprenger has gathered together—stores especially rich in collateral information touching the Prophet's companions and contemporaries. The work of our own countryman is a noble monument of research, thought, and criticism. Yet even here we sometimes feel that the author leads us just deep enough into the matter to make us wish to go deeper. We doubt here and there whether Sir William Muir has always boldly carried out his own canons of criticism, and we long for time and opportunities to test his authorities for ourselves in detail. We feel sure that, beneath the destroying hammer of Sir George Lewis, nay, in the hands of writers much less unbelieving than Sir George Lewis, whole generations and ages of alleged early Arabian history would pass away from the domain of ascertained his-

* Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre; von Dr. Gustav Weil. Stuttgart. 1843.

† Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed; von A. Sprenger. Berlin. 1869. We are almost afraid to talk about the dignity of history or of philosophy either, but surely this is not the style in which to deal with grave questions either of facts or morals: “So ist dem Mann das Bedürfniss ein Weib zu lieben angeboren, aber die Reize der Lasset erwecken erst diesen Trieb und bestimmen ihn, sie ausschliesslich zu lieben.” (I. 224.) There are many passages like this in Dr. Sprenger's book.

* We quote from an article in the unluckily defunct “National Review” for October, 1861, headed “The Great Arabian,” an article supplying many materials for thought, as suggested by the contemplation of Mahomet's personal history from an Eastern point of view. It is worth comparing this article with another in the same Review for July, 1863, which throughout looks at Mahomet from the point of view of a Western scholar and thinker.

tory into the domain of unascertained legend. And we cannot help seeing that Sir William Muir's earnest and undoubted faith as a Christian man has sometimes stood in his way as a critical historian. A man may surely be a good Christian without bringing in the Old Testament genealogies as historical documents from which there is no appeal; and when Sir William Muir hints his belief that in some parts of his career Mahomet was the subject of what we may call a Satanic inspiration, he is putting forth a view which he has a perfect right to maintain as a theological proposition, but he is treading on ground whither the historian of events and creeds must refuse to follow him.

In truth, the great difficulty of the subject is that, while it is the duty of the historian to avoid committing himself on questions which are purely theological, yet, in considering the life of Mahomet and the effects of Mahometanism, he cannot help for ever treading on the very verge of the forbidden region. Through the whole history, both of the man and of the nations which have adopted his system, the religious element underlies everything. Mahomet was a conqueror and a ruler; but he was a conqueror and a ruler only because he declared himself to be a divinely-commissioned prophet. His immediate followers founded the vastest empire that the world ever saw, an empire which, though it soon split asunder in actual fact, has maintained a theoretical unity ever since. But that empire was not, strictly speaking, the dominion of a nation or of a dynasty. It was the dominion of a religious sect which had risen to political power, of a religious sect with which the acquisition of political power was a religious principle. In the Mahometan system there is no room for national distinction; religious belief stands in the place of nationality; every fellow-believer is a fellow-countryman. There is no distinction between Church and State; we cannot even say that Church and State are two different aspects of the same body. In Islam the Church comes first in idea and fact; the State is simply the Church in its unavoidable temporal relations. In Islam there is no rivalry, no distinction between Pope and Cæsar; the same man is at once Pope and Cæsar, and he is Cæsar simply because he is Pope. In every Mahometan country the whole civil and social fabric rests on the groundwork of a divine law once revealed. The professions of the canon and the civil lawyer, even the professions of the lawyer and the theologian, are in Islam

one and the same. In everything the spiritual element comes first, and the temporal element is its mere appendage. The appendage may indeed sometimes overshadow the inherent substance. We can conceive that a modern Ottoman Sultan admitted as a member of the commonwealth of Christian Europe may sometimes forget that he is the Caliph of the Prophet of Islam. So German archiepiscopal Electors seem sometimes to have forgotten that they were Christian priests. But if the Caliph has forgotten his own mission, there are millions of believers throughout the world who well remember it. The last time that a Roman Emperor set foot in Rome, he himself seemed to have forgotten his own being. But the Roman People had not forgotten it, and though the successor of Augustus lurked in the person of Joseph the Second, they welcomed the successor of Augustus to his own home. With far more truth, with far more effect, might the Caliph of Mahomet, casting aside his trust in an arm of flesh, appeal to the religious zeal, not only of his own political subjects, but of all true believers throughout the world. It would be no small trial for Christendom, it would be a special trial for those Christian governments which bear rule over Mahometan subjects, if such a day should ever come.

The primary fact then from which we start is that Mahomet was a man who founded a temporal dominion, but who grounded his claim to temporal dominion solely on his claim to be a divinely-commissioned teacher of religion. He taught a doctrine; he founded a sect; and the proselytes of that sect presently set forth, in the name of their new faith, to conquer the world. In the first burst of its newborn enthusiasm, in the successive revivals of that enthusiasm, they actually did conquer and keep no small part of the world. Every Moslem was, as his first duty, a missionary; but he was an armed missionary. In this the religion of Mahomet forms a marked contrast to the two religious systems which had gone before his own, and with which his own must be compared at every step. To understand the position of Mahomet and the results of his teaching, we must throughout compare the origin and growth of Islam with the origin and growth of Judaism and of Christianity. And we must for this purpose look on Judaism and Christianity in their purely historical aspect; for the moment we must look on each, without regard to the truth or falsehood of theological propositions,

in the character which each assumes for itself. Each of the three systems, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, claims, according to the received belief of their several followers, to be the work of a personal founder; but even in their purely historical aspect, the founders of the three systems do not stand in exactly the same relation to the systems which they founded. At first sight, it may seem that Moses stands towards Judaism in exactly the same relation in which Mahomet stands towards Islam. In both cases the prophet is eminently the prophet of his own nation. In both cases he proclaims himself as the divinely commissioned giver of a new law, and he leads the disciples of that law to a political conquest. But there are wide points of difference between the two cases. In the history of Moses the political and the religious elements are throughout intermingled, but in its purely historical aspect the political element comes before the religious. Moses is not charged with the first revelation of a new faith, or even with the revival of a faith that is wholly forgotten. He acts from the beginning by a divine commission, but the first public duty which that divine commission lays upon him is to work the political deliverance of his people from bondage. It is not till after their deliverance that he delivers his code of laws, moral, civil, and ritual. The primary work of Moses is the foundation of a commonwealth, and for that commonwealth he legislates both in religious and in temporal matters; but Moses is a strictly theological teacher only so far as his people had, during their Egyptian bondage, forgotten or fallen away from the earlier revelation to Abraham. Moses then is primarily a lawgiver, the founder of a code of civil and canon law; it is only secondarily that he becomes the prophet of a new or revived creed. Mahomet too comes as one sent to revive the faith of Abraham, and he too becomes the founder and lawgiver of a commonwealth. But his primary character is that of the preacher of a new revelation; his character as ruler and lawgiver is something secondary both in time and in idea. He is not sent to deliver an oppressed nation from political bondage, but to stand forth as the preacher of truth and righteousness among an already settled community. It is only when that community has cast him forth, and when another community has received him with open arms, that he gradually puts on the character of warrior, ruler, and lawgiver. Add to this that the mission of Moses is distinctly con-

fined to a single nation; that nation he delivers from bondage, he legislates for it, and — in this like Mahomet — he leaves it to his successor to settle his people in the land which they are foredoomed to conquer. But towards the world in general he has no direct mission, either of teaching, of legislation, or of conquest. His legislation has indeed influenced the laws and the morals of all Christian and of many non-Christian nations, but it was to the Hebrews alone that it was directly addressed; it was on them alone that it was directly binding. Towards the doomed nations of Canaan the message of Moses was one of simple extermination; towards the rest of the world the commonwealth which he founded was capable of the ordinary relations of national friendship or national enmity. But the mission of Mahomet is a mission directly addressed to all mankind; first as the peaceful preacher, then as the conqueror enforcing his teaching with the sword, his message is in both stages addressed to all who may come within the reach of his persuasion or his compulsion. There is no nation whom it is his mission to sweep from the earth without so much as the alternative of submission or tribute; but, on the other hand, there is no nation with whom, consistently with their own principles, his followers can sit down on ordinary international terms. Where submission and conversion are alike refused, war with the Infidel can never cease. Christianity, on the other hand, is, like Mahometanism, a teaching addressed to all the world and not to one nation only. While Judaism speaks only to its own people, while its earliest records appeal only to temporal sanctions, while they are silent as to the duty or the destiny of men beyond the pale, Christianity and Islam alike announce themselves as the one truth, as the one path of salvation, the one means offered to the whole human race as the way to happiness in another life. But to this spiritual teaching, Christianity, unlike either Judaism or Mahometanism, adds no political character whatever. Christianity, like Islam, was first preached in a single settled community, and from that one community it spread, like Islam, over a large part of the earth; but wherever it spread itself, it spread itself as purely a system of theological and moral teaching. Its followers formed no political society, and it has at no time been held that Christians are bound, as Christians, to be subjects of any particular power, to establish any particular form of government, or to rule themselves by any partic-

ular civil precepts. Christianity has allied itself with the civil power; it has been forced upon unwilling proselytes at the sword's point; but when this has happened, the appeal to the secular arm has been something purely incidental, while in the Mahometan creed, such an appeal has ever been one of the first of religious duties. Thus, of the three great monotheistic systems which the Semitic race has given to the world, Judaism proclaims itself as the divinely given code of a single nation, a system which does not refuse proselytes, but which does not seek for them. Christianity proclaims itself as a divinely given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind, but which is content to make its way among mankind by moral forces only, and which leaves the governments of the earth as it finds them. Mahometanism also proclaims itself as a divinely given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind; but it proclaims itself also as a system to be enforced on all mankind by the sword. It is a system which, in its perfect theory, would require all mankind to be members of one political society, and which in its actual practice requires the revelation of its original prophet to be received, not only as the rule of religious faith and practice, but as the ground-work of the whole civil jurisprudence of all who accept its teaching.

Each again of these three great monotheistic religions has its written revelation. Herein comes one of the most marked distinctions between the three, and a specially marked distinction between Christianity and Islam. The book which contains the revelation of Islam is the work of the founder of Islam. It proclaims itself as the word of God, not indeed written by the hand of the Prophet, but taken down from his mouth, and spoken in his person. It is a revelation which began and ended in the person of its first teacher, which none of his successors dare add to or take away from. But, as that revelation does not take the form of an autobiography, it follows that there is no narrative of the acts of the Prophet which can claim divine authority. But the sacred books of the Christian revelation are biographical; they are not the writings of the founder of Christianity, but records of his life, in which his discourses are recorded among his other actions. Certain other of the writings of his earliest followers are also held to be of equal authority with the records of his own life. The Jewish Law comes to us in a third shape; it is a code

incorporated in a history, a history which orthodox belief looks on as an autobiography. But in this case the revelation is not confined to the first lawgiver himself or to his immediate followers; an equal authority, a like divine origin, is held to belong to a mass of later writings of various ages, which are joined with those of the original lawgiver to form the sacred books of the first dispensation. In short, the Mahometan accepts nothing as of divine authority except the personal utterances of his prophet taken down in his lifetime. With the Jew and the Christian the actual discourses of Moses and of Christ form only a portion of the writings which he accepts as the sacred books of his faith.

We are here of course speaking of what we may call the orthodox belief of Jews, Christians, and Mahometans respectively. The genuineness, the divine origin, of the sacred books of the three religions it is no part of our immediate argument to discuss. But we must go on to notice that each system assumes the divine origin of the system which went before it. Each comes, not to destroy, but to fulfil, the dispensation which it succeeds. Christianity assumes the divine origin of Judaism; the sacred books of the New Testament assume the genuineness and the divine authority of the sacred books of the Old. And Islam no less undoubtedly assumes the divine origin both of Judaism and of Christianity; Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet are declared to be alike prophets of the Lord, to be alike preachers of the original faith of Abraham, each entrusted with the communication to mankind of a written revelation from God. Now here, though on a comparatively small point, we are brought to one of the touchstones of the Mahometan system. The gospels assume the genuineness and authority of the Mosaic Law. Sceptical critics who hold the existing Pentateuch to have been written long after the time of Moses may make this a ground for attacking the authority of the Gospels. But what the Gospels assume was at least the received belief of their own time; the error, if there be any, was no personal error of their writers. But it seems clear that Mahomet conceived that, as the Law was a book revealed to Moses, and the Koran a book revealed to himself, so the Gospel was a book revealed to Jesus. Here is an error of a perfectly different kind, an utter misconception of the nature of the book of which he was speaking. This leads us at once to the real relation of Islam to Judaism and Christianity, and to the relation of the Koran itself to the sacred books

of the two earlier systems. And these questions at once involve the question of the personal character of Mahomet, and of his claims to be looked on as an apostle of God. In examining these questions we lay no claim to any share of the Oriental lore of a Muir, a Weil, or a Sprenger, or of the author of a remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* about two years back.* But perhaps even those learned writers may feel some interest in seeing the effect of their own labours on minds which are obliged to accept facts at their hands, but which strive to test the facts which they accept by the help of the critical habits of Western scholarship.

Of the essential genuineness of the Koran we have no doubt. It has been well said that the very artlessness, not to say stupidity, with which it is put together, is a proof that we have in it the real sayings of Mahomet. But it contains his sayings spread over many years, put together without any attempt at chronological order, and, even if we could accept with certainty any of the schemes of chronological arrangement which learned men have proposed, we should be far from having an autobiography of the Prophet. The Koran consists of sayings put forth as occasion called for them, and in many cases their references to the occasion which called for them are very dark and allusive. Besides the Koran itself and a few treaties and such like documents, there is no extant writing of the Prophet's own time. We have therefore to put together his life from collections of traditions, compiled at various times, but none of which can claim the rank of contemporary evidence. It appears that the first collection of traditions was not made till towards the end of the first century of the Hegira, and the earliest which are now extant are not of older date than the second. And, in estimating their value, we must remember that they are in their own nature not history but hagiography, and we know from the biographies of Christian saints how soon the history of any person who is looked on as an object of religious reverence begins to depart from the truth of the actual facts. Sir William Muir in his Introduction, and Dr. Sprenger in the Intro-

duction to his third volume, give a full account of these traditional sources, with an elaborate estimate of their respective values. Still the Western reader who is accustomed to balance conflicting evidence in the case of Western history is ever and anon tempted to wish for fuller means of exercising a judgment of his own. Still we have nothing to do but to be satisfied with what we have got; and our own guides, English and German, certainly give us the means of comparing and balancing a large store of the authorities on which the received history of the Prophet rests.

As to the main facts of the life of Mahomet there seems to be no reasonable doubt. Born at Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, of the tribe of the Koreish, the noblest stock of Arabia, he started in life with hardly any possessions beyond his illustrious descent. In early life he had to betake himself to a calling which his countrymen looked down upon, and the Prophet of Islam, like the Psalmist of Israel, spent part of his early days in the calling of a shepherd. This fact is to be noticed. A shepherd's life in the East would give a youth of a thoughtful turn many opportunities for meditation, and to the effects of this part of Mahomet's life we probably owe many of those passages of the Koran which bear witness to his familiarity and deep sympathy with external nature. We then find him in the service of the wealthy widow Khadijah, acting as her agent in her mercantile affairs, in itself a considerable rise in a city whose merchants were princes. Presently, at the age of twenty-five, his fortune is made by a marriage with his employer, whom tradition describes as fifteen years older than himself. Fifteen years later his prophetic career begins. Up to this time he is set before us as remarkable for nothing but the general excellence of his life and conversation. He joined, like the rest of his countrymen, in the idolatrous worship of Mecca, a worship which consisted in reverence for one Supreme Deity, combined with the worship of inferior powers, and among them especially certain female beings, who were looked upon as the daughters of God. Of the personal virtues of Mahomet there seems no doubt; his admirers would doubtless do their best to hide his faults, and to bring his excellences into notice; but as a whole, the picture is clearly a genuine one; we accept it if only because those deeds of his later days which we cannot help looking on as crimes are honestly handed down to us. Many of the

* October, 1829. There is something disappointing in this well-known essay. It bears witness to the deep and curious learning of the writer, but it is thrown into a form which really does not convey much knowledge to the reader. And a Western critic's suspicions are at once aroused — unreasonably perhaps, but still unavoidably — by the author's systematic determination to see Jewish influences everywhere.

details also, the accounts which we read of his general simplicity of life, his boundless liberality, his kindness and affability to all men, his gentleness to slaves, children, and animals, whatever play of fancy there may be in the details, still bear about them the signs of essential truth. One thing at least is clear: a man whose after-life showed him to be a man of strong passions, and who lived in a community which allowed an almost unrestricted polygamy, strictly kept his faith during the best years of his life to a single wife many years older than himself. On the whole, we cannot fail to see in the early life of Mahomet a thoroughly good man according to his light. Presently he announces himself as the Prophet of the Lord, sent to call back his countrymen to that faith of their forefathers Abraham and Ishmael from which they had so grievously departed. They are no longer, in his own phrase, to give God companions, daughters or inferior powers of any kind. God alone is to be worshipped; the moral virtues are to be practised, and barbarous customs, like the burying alive of female children, are to be cast aside. God is proclaimed as the righteous and almighty ruler of the world, who will judge all mankind at the last day, and will award to them according to their deeds in this life, everlasting happiness or everlasting torment. Such a creed the Prophet preaches; but for a while he has but few followers. The few whom he has, however, are those whose adherence was, in some sort, the best witness, if not to his mission, at least to his personal character. The first and the most earnest of believers in the Prophet were those who could best judge of the character of the man. His wife Khadijah, his noble freedman Zeyd, his friend the wise, bountiful, and moderate Abou-Bekr, were among the first to accept his mission. He kept the respect of men who utterly rejected his claims as an apostle; his uncle Abou-Talib, while refusing to give any heed to his teaching, never failed in his friendship, and, as long as he lived, effectually shielded him against the malice of his enemies. These days of his preaching at Mecca were his days of trial and persecution. Once, perhaps twice, his faith failed him; it might be in a fit of momentary despair that he uttered words which sounded like a compromise with idolatry, words which implied that inferior deities might be lawfully revered as mediators and intercessors with the Almighty.* But his lapse

was only for a season; he soon again took up his parable, and again denounced all idolatry, all compromise with idolatry. Never again did his faith fail him; never again did he waver in his trust in his own mission, or in the truths which it was his mission to announce. He finds it expedient to counsel his followers to seek shelter in a strange land, but he himself keeps at his post among all dangers till a city of refuge is ready for him within his own Arabia. He flies from Mecca to Medina, and the whole character of his life and teaching is presently changed. Islam and its founder now take their place in the history of the world.* The peaceful preacher changes into the ruler and conqueror; the religious sect becomes a political commonwealth; the teaching of faith and righteousness changes into the legislation, permanent and occasional, needed for a new-born commonwealth surrounded by enemies and waging constant warfare.† The man who had been driven forth from Mecca with only one companion becomes strong enough to make a treaty with the rulers of his native city, and he is allowed to make his pilgrimage to the holy place of Abraham and Ishmael. An alleged breach of the treaty supplies a pretext for warfare. The Prophet marches against the holy city; he is met on his way by the submission and conversion of the most stubborn of his enemies; the city itself is yielded almost without a blow; the triumphant Prophet enters; the holy place is purified, and the idols which had thrust themselves into the shrine of Abraham are dashed in pieces in answer to the words, "Truth is come, let falsehood disappear." One by one all the tribes of Arabia are gathered in to the faith of Allah and the obedience of his Prophet. The purified temple of Mecca becomes the scene of yet another last and solemn pilgrimage, of one last and solemn giving of the law to the assembled believers.‡ And then, when he seemed to have reached the great

et in Sir William Muir's fifth chapter (vol. II. p. 149) So Sprenger II. 7. See also Rodwell's Translation of the Koran, Suras III. p. 64. Syed Ahmed argues at length against the fact in p. 33 of his Essay on the Mohammedan Traditions; all the essays in his volume are pagged separately.

* Sprenger III. p. II. "Mohammeds Eintritt in Madyna. . . ist sein in die Weltgeschichte, und die Moslime haben Recht, damit ihre Aera zu beginnen. In Madyna wurde er zum Eroberer und Herrscher."

† Sprenger points out this character of the Medinese Suras in vol. III. p. xxix., and adds, in his unpleasant but forcible way, "der Koran wurde von nun an zu einer Art von Moniteur, nur schade, dass nicht jedem Artikel das Datum vorgesetzt ist."

‡ See the account of this striking scene in the thirty-first chapter of Muir, and in W-II. p. 238

* See the full examination of the lapse of Mahom-

crisis of his history, when his power was threatened by rival prophets in his own land, and when he was gathering his forces to measure himself with the power of Rome — with the power of Rome in all the glory of the Persian victories of Heraclius — the Prophet is called away to his Companion in Paradise, and leaves none to succeed him on earth. At his death the greater part of the tribes of Arabia fall away. They are won back by the wisdom of Abou-Bekr and by the sword of Omar. The united powers of the peninsula, gathered together in the name of God and his Prophet, go forth to the conquest of the two great empires of the world. Within a few years the Eastern provinces of Rome are lopped away, and Persia is wiped out of the list of nations. A century has not passed away before the Caliph of Mahomet reigns alike on the banks of the Jaxartes and on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the same faith is taught in the temples of Samarkand and in the temples of Cordova.

Such were the main events of the life of Mahomet, and of that first burst of zeal on the part of his followers after his death which can hardly be kept apart from the story of his life. What does such a tale lead us to think of the man himself and of his alleged revelation? We may dismiss without examination the exploded theory which once looked on Mahomet as a conscious impostor from the beginning of his career to the end. But many estimates may be formed of him ranging between the mere reviling of writers like Prideaux and Miracci and the implicit faith which Syed Ahmed is bound to put in the teaching of his Prophet and forefather. Of Mahomet's thorough sincerity, of his honest faith in the truth of his own mission, at all events during the first stages of his career, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt; indeed, the opposite view seems no longer to have any adherents of whom much need need be taken. The early Suras — those which in the ordinary arrangement will be found at the end — carry with them the stamp of perfect sincerity. To a Western taste they may often seem incoherent and unintelligible, but on this point Western taste is hardly a fair judge. As for their matter, there is in them as yet no legislation for a commonwealth; there is not even any dogmatic teaching for a religious sect. These early chapters are the outpouring of the heart of the man himself, the psalms, the musings, the ejaculations, — for some of the Suras are so short as to be hardly

more than ejaculations — of a man whose whole soul is given up to the contemplation of the goodness of God and of the ingratitude and wickedness of mankind. It is only gradually that Mahomet assumes the character of a preacher, of a Prophet sent by God to announce to man the last revelation of his will. How far then was he sincere, and, if sincere, how far was he justified in thus assuming the character of a divine messenger? Of his sincerity, as we have already said, there can be no doubt. It is impossible to conceive any motive, except faith in his own mission, which could have borne him up through the contempt and persecution which he underwent as long as he abode at Mecca. The mere fact of his lapse, followed as it was by his recantation, seems to us decidedly in favour of his sincerity. No act of his life reads less like the act of a conscious impostor. It is the act of a man, believing in himself and in what he taught, but whose faith failed him for a season in a moment of temptation. But his mere belief in his own mission would not of itself prove that mission to be divine; it would not even prove the work which he undertook to be a work tending to the good of mankind. Now how far Islam, as preached to the world at large, has tended to the good or evil of mankind is altogether another question. That the early teaching of Mahomet, in the days of his first preaching at Mecca, was directly for the good of the men of that time and place there can be no doubt at all. His religious and moral teaching seems to us sadly imperfect; but it was a teaching which was a measureless advance on anything which his hearers had heard before. Whatever Mahomet may have been to the world at large, to the men of Mecca of his own time he was one who spake of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, one who taught, in the midst of a debasing idolatry, that there is one God, and that there is none other but he. Every man who at this stage accepted the teaching of Mahomet was at once raised to a higher rank in the scale of religious and moral beings. The fiercest revilers of the Prophet cannot deny that his first disciples, if not brought to the perfect knowledge of the truth, were at least brought far nearer to it than they had been before. The striving of his heart which led Mahomet, in the face of scorn and persecution, to preach to an idolatrous city the truth of the unity of God could never have arisen from any low personal motive; it may not be going too far to say that it

could only have been a movement from God himself. The earliest Suras are the outpourings of a soul athirst for God, a righteous soul stirred to wrath and sorrow by the unlawful deeds of the men around him. What these Suras teach is simple theism of the purest and highest kind, as opposed to a prevalent idolatry. It is not till a somewhat later stage that we have to ask any questions as to the relation of the new teaching towards the older teaching of Christianity and of Judaism. What then was the nature of the special prophetic inspiration to which Mahomet laid claim during this first and best period of his career? Dr. Sprenger, whose tendency is certainly to undervalue the character of the Prophet, insists strongly on the epileptic fits to which it appears that Mahomet was subject, and on the violent physical emotions with which throughout his life his prophetic utterances seem always to have been ushered in. If we rightly understand his theory, which is worked out at great length and with reference to a vast number of analogies in all ages, the prophetic inspiration of Mahomet was little more than what he calls a kind of "hysteric madness."* Dr. Sprenger goes deeper into the physiology of the matter than we can profess to follow him, and it is quite consistent with his whole view to refer as much as possible to physical causes. On the other hand, the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, whose Eastern lore seems to be well-nigh as deep as that of Dr. Sprenger, attaches little or no importance to these alleged fits of epilepsy.

It is possible that fits of this kind may have suggested both to himself and to others the notion of a special inspiration, but the early Suras of the Koran, though they may be called the outpourings of a heated enthusiasm, are certainly not the ravings of a madman. Whatever share in the matter we may choose to attribute to physical causes, the moral position of Mahomet in his first days, as the teacher of a faith and practice, imperfect doubtless, but pure as far as they went, remains untouched. Sir William Muir has another suggestion. He starts from the doubts which are said to have been entertained by Mahomet himself at one stage of his mission, whether the supernatural influence under which he felt himself might not proceed from the

power of evil and not of good. Sir William Muir follows up this hint by a half timid suggestion of his own, that Mahomet was, at least in his later days, the subject of a real Satanic inspiration, which he mistook for an inspiration from heaven. This leads us on ground on which the historian of the outward events of Mahomet's life can hardly venture to tread, and the suggestion might perhaps lead us into a very wide range of thought indeed. If we believe, as every one who really believes in a God at all, must believe, that whatever good thing we say and do is said and done by his prompting, we can hardly refuse to acknowledge a divine influence in the call under which Mahomet felt himself to renounce the idolatry and evil practices of his countrymen and to set before them a purer rule of faith and practice. In such a sense as this, however we may deem of Mahomet's later conduct and later teaching, we may surely look on Mahomet's original mission as divine. As to the alleged physical symptoms, as to his belief that he was in his utterances a mere channel of the divine word, let any one judge dogmatically, if he can first solve the daily mystery of his own thoughts, words, and actions. It is quite certain that men who do not call themselves prophets or divinely commissioned lawgivers do yet, in speaking from the depths of their hearts in a cause of truth and righteousness, sometimes feel a power which is not wholly within their own control, a power which as it were carries them beyond their ordinary selves, and which seems to put words in their mouths of which at other moments they would be incapable. But if, without committing ourselves to any technical definitions of inspiration and the like, we look on Mahomet, in the early stages of his career, as a true servant of God, honestly speaking in his name, we need not see in such a position as this any safeguard against the ordinary temptations of human nature. We may choose, or we may not, to personify these temptations in the direct Satanic influence suggested by Sir William Muir. If we may venture to throw out a hint as to anything so mysterious as the workings of another human soul, we should be inclined to say that the moment when Mahomet first erred, the moment when he began to fall away from the high position with which he set forth, was when he, the teacher of an imperfect form of truth, failed to make a more diligent search than he actually did make after the more perfect forms of truth which came within his reach. As against the idolatry of Mecca, his posi-

* See vol. i. p. 208. He once (vol. iii. p. xiv.) goes so far as to say, "Der hysterische Prophet unterschied sich nur wenig von einer gewissen Klasse von hysterischen Frauen." Presently he adds, "Wenn der Geist der Araber der Vater der Islams ist, so ist Mohammad die Mutter."

tion was perfect; his teaching was in every sense an advance towards a higher stage; as against Christianity, his system was a falling back—it was a turning away from more perfect truth to less perfect. And this consideration at once leads us to the historical relation between Islam and the other two great monotheistic religions.

It is one of the hardest problems in our whole story to find out the exact amount of knowledge of Christianity which Mahomet had at any time of his career. The old story of the monk Nestorius, or whatever his name might be, by whose help the older controversialists alleged that the Koran was put together, is now wholly exploded. But we hear of Mahomet listening to the preaching of a Bishop of Najrah. In other accounts, Waraka, one of the "Four Enquirers" of Arabian story, one of the men who began the search after religious truth before Mahomet appeared, is described as a friend of Mahomet himself and a cousin of his wife Khadijah. He is said to have been a convert to Christianity, or at all events to have had some acquaintance with its doctrines. It is certain that Mahomet, while still at Mecca, was on friendly terms with the Christian King of Abyssinia, and it was in his dominions that his early followers sought shelter from persecution. Some means were therefore clearly open to Mahomet of gaining a knowledge of what Christianity really was; but it seems plain that he never came across the genuine text of the New Testament or its genuine teaching in any shape. His notion that the Gospel was a book revealed to the prophet Jesus is of itself proof enough that he had never seen or heard the genuine record itself. Singularly enough, the one Christian doctrine which he seems to have thoroughly grasped, and which he puts forth in the clearest terms, is that of the miraculous birth of Christ. The virginity of the mother of Jesus is not only asserted, but is dwelt on with a kind of delight as a doctrine specially cherished. But, on all other points, Mahomet's notions of Christianity seem to have been at all times of the vaguest kind. His ideas of the life of Christ are borrowed from the wild stories of the Apocryphal Gospels, and he emphatically denies the reality of the crucifixion. In this case indeed the denial is so emphatic that the truth must have been set before him and rejected by him. On purely theological points he seems to have utterly misconceived what Christian doctrine really was, even in the corruptest of the many corrupt forms which in his day Christian-

ity had already assumed. He must surely have misconceived the doctrines of any conceivable sect, when he confounded the angel Gabriel with the Holy Ghost, and represented Christians as looking on the mother of Jesus as a person of the Trinity. That he cast away such doctrines as these with indignation we cannot wonder, nor can we greatly wonder that he confounded the Christian doctrine of the divine sonship with the idolatrous belief in the daughters and other satellites of God which it was his special mission to overthrow. We cannot fairly blame Mahomet for rejecting Christianity in the shape in which it seems to have appeared in his eyes; but we can hardly acquit him of blame for not taking all the pains that he might have taken to find out what Christianity really was. If this neglect was owing to spiritual pride, to an overweening confidence in himself, as not only a divinely commissioned but an absolutely infallible teacher, we may see in this failure to seek after the truth with all his heart and with all his strength the first step in a downward career.

The teaching of the Koran with regard to both Judaism and Christianity is strangely fluctuating and uncertain, in marked contrast to its unflinching denunciations of idolatry in every shape. In the earliest Suras there is no mention of either system. At a somewhat later stage, yet one which begins before the Hegira, Mahomet seems to delight in bringing in such knowledge as he had of either system, and by the wild fables which he tells he shows how small his knowledge was of the genuine records of either faith.* In a passage in one of the latest Suras of all, but which seems, like many others, as if it had wandered out of its place from a time somewhat earlier, Mahomet still pronounces Judaism, Christianity, even Sabianism, any creed which taught the unity of God and his future judgment, as being all of them safe ways of salvation alongside of his own Islam.† Yet in the very same Sura he charges Jews and Christians with wilful corruption of their sacred books.‡ His great controversy lay with the Jews far more than with the Christians. The Jews were by far the more important body in Arabia. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the peninsula, whether of Hebrew origin or not, were, at any rate pro-

* See for instance the whole story of Joseph as given in the twelfth Sura (Rodwell, p. 230), and the story of Mary in the same Sura (Rodwell, p. 494). This last, however, is of later date.

† Sura v. 73. (Rodwell, p. 644.)

‡ Sura v. 45. (Rodwell, p. 639.)

fessors of the Hebrew faith. For a long time Mahomet clung to the hope of winning over to his side a body of men who had so much in common with himself, whose creed, like his, was a living protest against idolatry and a never-failing assertion of the unity of God. The expectation was not unnatural. Judaism, as it must have existed in Arabia, cut off from all the local and national associations of Palestine and embraced by many who were Jews only by adoption, might, one would have thought, have easily coalesced with a system which agreed with all its essential doctrines, and which had the further recommendation of being preached by a national prophet. One great difficulty doubtless was that the Jew, in embracing Islam, had also in some sort to embrace Christianity. He was in no way called on to cast aside Moses, though he was called on to accept Mahomet as the teacher of a more excellent way. But he was called on also to accept the prophet of the intermediate system as being, no less than either of them, a divine teacher. He was called on to confess that a Nazarene whom his forefathers had rejected was, not indeed the Son of God, but one of God's greatest prophets, a prophet distinguished from all before and after him by that miraculous birth to which neither Moses nor Mahomet laid claim. In Mahomet's scheme Christianity was, up to his own coming, God's last and most perfect revelation; not only Christ himself, but Christian saints and martyrs, are held up to reverence as teachers and witnesses of what then was the truth, just as we look on the prophets and worthies of Old Testament history. The strictly theological difficulty in embracing Islam must have been greater to the Christian than to the Jew; but the Jew had to make, what the Christian had not, the humiliating confession that he and his fathers had already refused the latest manifestation of God's will. Here most likely was the great stumbling-block which hindered the Arabian professors of Judaism from accepting a teaching which otherwise must have had so many attractions for them. Certain it is that in some of his very latest revelations, Mahomet speaks most bitterly of the Jews as enemies to his teaching no less stubborn than the idolators themselves. But of the Christians he speaks with the greatest tenderness, as men well disposed to Islam and easily to be won over to its full profession.* Yet in another Sura of

nearly the same date, we find Jews and Christians alike charged with the guilt of idolatry, and God is implored to do battle against both alike.* And in this last stage, when he was making ready for his attack on the Roman Empire, Mahomet practically dealt out the same measure to the Christian which he dealt out to the Jew and the idolator. To all alike the alternative was now offered of Koran, tribute, or sword.

The relation which Islam in the end took up towards both Judaism and Christianity must be borne in mind. Each of the successive dispensations is a republication of the earlier one, but all alike are declared to be republications of the original faith of Abraham. Abraham, it must be remembered, fills a still greater place in Mahometan than he does in Jewish memories. He is not only the forefather and the prophet; he is also the local founder of the national worship. The Kaaba of Mecca was the temple reared by Abraham and Ishmael to the one true God, and it was only in the course of ages of corruption that it came to be desecrated into a shrine of idol-worship. As Western criticism will attach very little value to the endless genealogies of early Arabian tradition,† so it will attach just as little value to the legend of the Abrahamic origin of Mecca and its sanctuary. It may be a native legend; it may have arisen from the spreading abroad of Jewish ideas; in either case the *origines* of Mecca stand on the same ground, from an historical point of view, as the *origines* of Rome and Athens. The famous black stone sinks in the eye of criticism into the fetish of some early superstition, and the strange rites of the Meccan pilgrimage come within the sphere of the historian of "Primitive Culture."‡ But the belief in Abraham as the founder of the Kaaba, worthless as the statement of an historical fact, becomes of the highest moment as a belief which had no small influence on the mind and the career of Mahomet. Local reverence for the local sanctuary was strong in his mind through his whole life. It stands forth with special prominence in the tale of the War of the Elephant, how Abraham, the Christian King of Hamyar, marched against the holy place and was driven back by a miraculous interposition. Mahomet records the tale with glee; yet, according to his own view, Abraham, a

* Sura v. 85. (Rodwell, p. 645.)

* Sura ix. 30. (Rodwell, p. 615.)

† See the amusing analogies suggested by Dr. Sprenger, vol. iii. pp. cxliv cxlv.

‡ See Tylor's "Primitive Culture," II. 152.

professor of what was then God's last revelation, ought to have been looked on as a forestaller of his own work, as one sent to cleanse the Kaaba from its idolatrous defilement. But local feeling was too strong for consistency, and the preacher of the unity of God could rejoice over the overthrow of the man who, in smiting down the idols of Mecca, would have made Mecca a vassal city. But to do the work in which Abraham failed, to sweep away all taint of idolatry from the ancient sanctuary, was from the beginning one of Mahomet's most cherished objects, as its actual accomplishment was the most striking outward badge of his success. As long as he had hopes of winning over the professors of the other monotheistic creeds, this tendency was to some extent kept in the background. He chose Jerusalem, the Holy City of both Jews and Christians, to be equally the Holy City of Islam, to be the point to which his followers, like Daniel in his captivity, were to turn their faces in prayer. When he found that there was no hope of an union of all "the people of the book," — of all the believers in the successive revelations — he turned away from the holy place of Jew and Christian, from the temples of Constantine and of Solomon, and bade that believers should turn in prayer to the holy place of his own nation, to the far older sanctuary of the Father of the Faithful, the Friend of God. And more than this, though the Kaaba was cleared of its idols, and became again the shrine of the God of Abraham only, yet, in the same spirit which rejoiced over the overthrow of Abraham, Mahomet incorporated with his system the whole ritual of the Meccan pilgrimage, so far as it did not involve anything which was manifestly idolatrous. But the strange and superstitious ceremonies which he retained, the running to and fro, the casting of stones, the slaying of beasts, in sacrifice, the reverence paid to the primæval fetish, all form a strange contrast with the otherwise simple and reasonable forms of Mahometan worship as ordained by their founder. So strange an anomaly could never have been endured by Mahomet, unless under the influence of the very strongest local feeling, not unmingled perhaps with indignation against those whom he had striven to win over by condescension to their traditions, but who had utterly refused to listen to the voice of the charmer.

Yet, while Mahomet thus cast aside all thoughts of amalgamation with Judaism and Christianity, and fell back on

the supposed earlier faith of Abraham, he never ceased to proclaim that Moses and Jesus were the prophets of two successive divine dispensations, and that the sacred books of their respective followers were two successive revelations of the divine will. Those books, as they existed in his time, were, in his view, utterly corrupted, but in their original purity, they had been the Word of God, no less than his own Koran. It was therefore natural that he should seek to show that these earlier revelations pointed to himself as a teacher who was still to come. As the Christians held that their prophet was pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Jewish dispensation, so it might be expected that Mahomet himself would be pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Christian dispensation. In a well-known passage of the Koran, Mahomet himself affirms that Jesus had prophesied of him by the name of Ahmed, a name radically the same as Mohammed or Mahomet. There can be little doubt, as has been often shown, that this idea arose from some confusion or corruption of the text of the passage where Christ promises the coming of the Paraclete.* Another passage, which has been often and with real ingenuity held to refer to Mahomet, is the passage of Isaiah which speaks of "a chariot of asses and a chariot of camels;" † more accurately, it would seem, "a rider on an ass and a rider on a camel." Syed Ahmed has a whole essay, an essay showing a good deal of ingenuity, on the prophecies of Mahomet contained in the Old and New Testament. The original promise to Ishmael‡ is pressed into the service; if, as Christian writers hold, the promise made to Isaac was not wholly temporal, but contained a promise of spiritual blessings also, then the analogous promise to Ishmael should also be held to take in the spiritual blessings granted to the race of Ishmael by Mahomet coming of his stock. Mahomet, again, is the prophet whom the Lord was to raise up to the Israelites from among their brethren like unto Moses.§ For we are expressly told that in Israel itself there never arose another prophet like unto

* Παράκλητος might easily be corrupted into περίκλητος, and Ahmed or Mohammed would be a fair Arabic translation of περίκλητος. It will be remembered that the modern Greek pronunciation makes the likeness of the words παράκλητος and περίκλητος still closer, and the Latin form Paracletus shows that both the accentual pronunciation and the confusion of *p* and *t* had already set in.

† Isaiah xxi. 7.

‡ Genesis xvii. 20.

§ Deut. xv. 18.

Moses.* The brethren therefore spoken of must be the brethren of the stock of Ishmael, and the prophet who was to be the peer of the lawgiver of the Hebrews can be no other than the prophet who came to be the lawgiver of the Arabs. We read again that the Lord came from Sinai, and shined forth from Paran.† He came from Sinai with Moses, and shined forth from Paran — in our Syed's geography the mountain of Mecca — with Mahomet. Lastly, the Prophet's own name is found both in the Song of Solomon and the prophet Haggai. The "altogether lovely" of the one passage, the "desire of all nations" of the other, contain in the original the Arabian prophet's very name.‡ Mahomet is again discerned when the Pharisees ask of John the Baptist§ whether he is Christ or Elias, or that Prophet. The prophet who is thus distinguished from Christ and Elias can be no other than Mahomet. Lastly, the farewell words of Christ to his disciples to abide in the city of Jerusalem until they be endowed with power from on high|| does not refer to the coming of the Holy Ghost, which, it is argued, had no reference to a dwelling at Jerusalem, but referred to the reverence which was to be shown to Jerusalem as the holy place and centre of Christian devotion till the reverence once paid to Jerusalem should be transferred to Mecca.

These are the arguments of an earnest man, put forth, it is plain, in thorough good faith. And we can hardly blame the eagerness of Syed Ahmed to see prophecies of Mahomet in such passages as we have just spoken of, when we think of the like eagerness on the part of Christian interpreters to see prophecies of Christ in passages of the Old Testament where there is nothing, either in the words of the original or in any New Testament reference, to lead us to put such a meaning upon them. We should be still more curious to see how the Syed would deal with those passages in the life of his Prophet which are the greatest stumbling-blocks to Western writers who are anxious to do justice to him. As we said a little time back, we place the beginning of Mahomet's

falling away at the time when he first came into contact with the other monotheistic creeds. We do not doubt his sincerity either then or at any other stage, but it does seem to us that from that stage his career begins to be mixed up with ordinary, sometimes unworthy, human motives. This in no way disproves his sincerity. Indeed, his full confidence in his own mission might often lead him astray; once accustomed to think of himself as an instrument in the hands of God, to look on all his sayings and actions as prompted by God, he would, in his later days, easily come to look on the most truly earthly workings of his own heart as no less divine than the call which bade him go forth and proclaim the unity of God to the idolators. The strange power which man has of controlling his own belief, of persuading himself of the truth and righteousness of whatever he finds it convenient to deem true and righteous, would in the case of Mahomet acquire a tenfold strength from the mere conviction that he was divinely guided, from the habit of looking on his own words as the words of God and on the impulses of his own heart as divine commands. In this way we shall find no need to believe that, even in his worst actions, he ever descended to conscious imposture. The flight to Medina was the beginning of Mahometanism as part of the history of the world, but it was also the beginning of a distinct fall in the personal character of its founder. The preacher of righteousness now appealed to the sword. Had he not done so, it may be that his religion would have died out, and Islam might have been remembered only by curious inquirers into the history of human thought. But, looking at the man's own moral being, from the moment of his appeal to the sword he fell away from the righteousness of his earlier days. He stooped from the rank of a religious teacher to the rank of one of the ordinary powers of the world. He put on the character of a statesman and a warrior; he exposed himself to the temptations which beset either character, and he learned to practise the baser as well as the nobler arts of both.* It may be that neither character suited him; it may be that, as his last biographer hints, he would utterly have failed in both characters, had he not been

* Deut. xxxiv. 10.

† Deut. xxxiii. 2. Habakkuk iii. 2.

‡ In the original of Canticles (v. 16) "Yea, He is altogether lovely," the word *Mohammadia* certainly stands out very plainly. So in Haggai (ii. 7), what we translate the "desire of all nations" is *Hemdash cal-hagoin*. But if we were to find Mohammed or Ahmed wherever there is a word derived from that root the list would be somewhat long, and the Prophet might be lauded in the region of Syrian idolatry. See Daniel xi. 37.

§ 8. John i. 20-26.

|| 8. Luke xxiv. 49.

* "Doch dem groesten Feind aller Tugend konnte auch sie am Ende nicht widerstehen. Als er in Madyna zu Macht gelangt war, verfluchtigte sie sich und er wurde zum vollstuetigen Theokraten und blutdurstigen Tyrannen — Pabst und Konig." Sprenger i. p. 359. This is somewhat strong.

able to lean on the mild wisdom of Abou-Bekr and on the warlike might of Omar and Khaled.* In his wars he certainly showed in his own person but little of military skill and not much of personal courage. It was indeed but seldom that he himself mingled in the fight. The new Moses was for the most part content to trust the cause of the Lord to the arm of the new Joshua. Yet it may be that he knew where his strength lay; when in symbolic act the Prophet threw the dust towards the enemy at Bedr with the prayer, "May their faces be confounded," he did more for the success of the day than if he had used the subtlest tactics or displayed the most heroic courage in his own person. It may have been, as it is also argued, weakness to show the trust and favour which he showed to late and unwilling converts, who were doubtless only waiting a favourable moment to fall away. Yet it was in the spirit of the highest wisdom, of that daring which is oft-times the truest prudence—it was in the spirit of a leader who could read the hearts of the men he led—that Mahomet won back his discontented followers, the Helpers of his earlier days, by the sublime appeal that he had given the things of earth to the men who cared for the things of earth, but to them he had given the higher gift that the Prophet of God had come to dwell among them. Appeals somewhat of the same kind are recorded of mere worldly leaders, of Alexander and of Cæsar; but no challenge of mere human loyalty could have called forth such a burst of passionate remorse as when the Helpers with one voice answered, with tears running down their beards, that they were content with the lot which their Prophet gave them.†

This and many other incidents in the latter life of Mahomet show that to the last the old spirit had not wholly forsaken him, and to the last he retained most of the personal virtues with which he set out. His heart may have been led astray by the acquisition of power; but he was at least satisfied with the reality of power; he rose high above the temptation to which so many men who have risen to power have yielded, the fascination of the mere titles and trappings and gewgaws of princely state. The Prophet to the last kept up his old simplicity of life, his faithfulness in friendship, his kindness and thoughtfulness towards all men, his boundless liberality, which sometimes left himself and his household

to be dependent on the gifts of others. Yet his policy was now of the earth, earthy; in becoming a ruler and a warrior he had become a man of craft and a man of blood. There is perhaps none among those actions of Mahomet which we condemn for which it would not be easy to find a precedent or an example in the old dispensation. But the man who professed to be the teacher of a system purer than the Gospel ought not to have fallen back upon the lower level of the Law. When Mahomet first drew the sword against the unbelievers, he might plead that he was but like the Hebrew fighting his way into the land of promise. But to walk in the path of the elder Jesus was a falling back from the teaching of Him who warned his followers that they who took the sword should perish by the sword. When Mahomet applauded as heaven-sent the judgment which sent seven hundred captives to the slaughter, he was but as Samuel hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, or as Elias bidding that none of the prophets of Baal should escape. But to walk in the path of Samuel and Elias was a falling back from the teaching of Him who declared that His kingdom was not of this world, and who forbade His servants to fight that He might not be delivered to His enemies.

When Mahomet sent forth his emissaries on errands of secret slaughter, he might deem himself to be but wielding the dagger of Ehud or the hammer of Jael, but weapons like those had been cast away for ever at the bidding of Him who healed the wound of the man who was sent to seize Him. The general clemency and magnanimity of Mahomet, above all in the great day of his entry into his native city, stand forth in marked and honourable contrast to the common horrors of Eastern warfare. But there was something mean in excepting from the general amnesty a few persons, and some of them women, who had specially kindled his wrath by personal gibes and sarcasms on himself. And in the bloodiest scene of all, in the massacre of the Jewish tribe of the Koreitzæ, of which we have already spoken, he showed somewhat of low craft when he declined to pronounce any sentence himself, and left the bloody judgment to be pronounced by another, whom he knew to bear the bitterest personal hatred towards the victims.* Yet even here we see a spirit not widely different from that of the dying King who left the mandate to his son to

* Ibid., i. 371.

† See the description of this wonderful scene in Muir, iv. 153.

* See the description in Muir, iii. 275.

bring down to the grave with blood the hoar hairs of those to whose safety his own oath was pledged.

One aspect more of the Prophet's life we must examine, an aspect which some later writers seem disposed to slur over, but which it is absolutely necessary to bring into prominence in order to gain a true and complete view of his character. What Mr. Froude says of Henry VIII. is yet more truly to be said of Mahomet, that he ought to have lived in a world from which women were shut out. We may truly say that Mahomet practised all the moral virtues but one. And that one he practised when temptations to its breach must have been strongest, and fell away only at an age when many sinners have reformed. It is useless to defend the sexual laxity of Mahomet by saying that he was neither better nor worse than the usual morality of his own age and country. The preacher of a religious reform ought to rise above the usual morality of his age and country, and Mahomet, at one time of his life, showed that he could rise above it. The youth of Mahomet was, according to all our evidence, a youth of temperance, soberness, and chastity, and not a breath of scandal rested on his married life passed during twenty years with a woman old enough to be his mother. The manners of his country allowed both polygamy and concubinage, but no rival, whether wife or slave, ever disturbed the declining years of Khadijah. Now that the temperament of Mahomet was from the first ardent and voluptuous, that this long period of virtuous living must have been the result of a hard struggle with his lower nature, we have a singular proof in the nature of his revelations. It is the oldest of charges against Mahomet that he promised his followers a paradise of sensual delights. The charge might indeed be made part of a larger one. The contrast between the Gospel and the Koran, is nowhere more strongly marked than in the veil which the Gospel throws over all details as to the next world, when compared with the minuteness with which the Koran dwells alike on its rewards and its punishments. And the special charge against Mahomet of holding out sensual promises to his disciples is a charge which cannot be got over except by the daring apologetics of certain Musulman doctors, who maintain that the hours of Paradise are to be taken figuratively, like those passages of the New Testament which, taken literally, seem to promise eating and drinking among the

delights of the New Jerusalem. But, even if we accept this desperate shift, a symbolism of this kind, so dangerous, to say the least, for ordinary believers, could have sprung only from an imagination which dwelt perhaps all the more on pleasures from which a virtuous effort of continence had forbidden. It is a striking fact that those passages in the Koran which go into any detail on this perilous subject all come from the hand of the faithful husband of Khadijah, while the owner of the well-stocked harem of Medina speaks only once or twice in a cursory way of any presence of women in the next world. At the earlier time Mahomet may have seemed to himself to deserve a future reward for his present virtuous effort. Yet the man who was capable of that virtuous effort for so long a time—an effort made, as it would seem, out of respect and gratitude towards the woman who had made his fortunes—could surely have prolonged that effort, if only to keep up the dignity and consistency of his own character. A man who had so long lived a chaste life, and who on every other point was an ascetic—a man who, on this very point of sexual morality, was in his own age and country a reformer—surely should not, to say the very least, have proclaimed for himself exemptions from the laws which he laid down for others. In itself, the polygamy and concubinage of Mahomet was no worse than the polygamy and concubinage of the patriarchs under the Old Law. It was far better than the unrestrained licence of not a few Christian Kings. The female companions of the Prophet were at least his own acknowledged wives and slaves; there was no fear of either violence or seduction towards the wives and daughters of his followers. The law of Mahomet is strict against adultery and fornication in his own sense of those words, and on these heads the practice of the Prophet was in full conformity with his own teaching. Yet in Mahomet's relations to women we cannot but see a distinct fall, both from the standard of the Gospel and from the standard of his own early life. In the tale of Zeyd and Zeinab there is a distinct fall from the commandment of the old Law which forbids, not only the act of adultery, but the mere coveting of the wife of another. The faithful freedman divorced his wife as soon as a seemingly involuntary expression of the Prophet showed that her beauty had found favour in his eyes. But Arabian manners looked on marriage with the widow or divorced

wife of a freedman, an artificial son, as savouring of the guilt of incest. After a time a new revelation removed this scruple, and Zeinab was added to the number of the Prophet's wives. In the like sort a new revelation silenced the jealous murmurs of his wives Ayesha and Hafsa when his affections strayed to Mary, his Egyptian slave. Here, if anywhere, we are tempted to charge Mahomet with conscious imposture. His sin in the matter of Zeinab was at least far less than the sin of David in the matter of Bathsheba. But David sinned and repented; he poured forth his soul in a psalm of penitence, while Mahomet was ready with a revelation to reprove himself, not for his guilty passion, but for the delay of its gratification. Yet even here we are not inclined to believe that Mahomet wittingly invented a sanction for his own weakness and sin. The abiding belief in his own mission, combined with the power which man ever has to find excuses for his own conduct, would lead him to look on those excuses as coming from a divine prompting. But in no case do we see so distinctly how utterly Mahomet had fallen away from the bright promise of his first years; in no other case had the light within him been so utterly turned into darkness; in no case was he so bound to pause and to reflect whether that could really be a revelation from on high which took the form of an excuse for conduct which it is plain that his own conscience condemned.*

We hold then that Mahomet was, from the beginning to the end of his career, honestly convinced of the truth of his own mission. We hold also that, in a certain sense, at least in his earlier years, his belief in his divine mission was not ill founded. But we hold also that he gradually fell away, and that he fell away mainly from not taking due pains to find out the real nature of the Christian revelation. When the first downward step had been taken, the other steps of the downward course were easy. The prophet of truth and righteousness, the asserter of the unity of God against the idols of the Kaaba sank to the level of an earthly conqueror, extending the bounds of his dominion by the sword. He died while waging war to force his own imperfect system on those who, amid all the corruptions of the Christianity of those days, still held truths which he had rejected

and blasphemed. The real charge against Mahomet is, that, after the Gospel had been given to man, he fell back on the theology and morality of the law. And the effects of his life and teaching on the world at large have been in close analogy to his own personal career. In his own age and country he was the greatest of reformers — a reformer alike religious, moral, and political. He founded a nation, and he gave that nation a religion and a jurisprudence which were an unspeakable advance on anything which that nation had as yet accepted. He swept away idolatry; he enforced the practice of a purer morality; he lightened the yoke of the slave; he even raised the condition of the weaker sex. If he had done nothing but wipe away the frightful practice of burying female children alive, he would not have lived in vain in his own land in his own age. But when his system passed the borders of the land in which it was so great a reform, it became the greatest of curses to mankind. The main cause which has made the religion of Mahomet exercise so blighting an influence on every land where it has been preached is because it is an imperfect system standing in the way of one more perfect. Islam has in it just enough of good to hinder the reception of greater good. When Islam is preached to a tribe of savage heathen, its acceptance is in itself an unmixed blessing. But it is a blessing which cuts off all hope of the reception of a greater blessing; the heathen, in his utter darkness, is far more likely to accept the faith of Christ than the Mohametan in his state of half enlightenment. In all the lands where Islam has been preached, it has regulated and softened many of the evils of earlier systems. But in regulating and softening them it has established them for ever. The New Testament nowhere forbids slavery; it can hardly be said to contain any direct prohibition of polygamy. Preached as the Gospel was to subjects of the Roman Empire, among whom a frightful licentiousness was rife, but among whom legal polygamy was unheard of, there was little need to enlarge on the subject. But it is plain that the principles of Christian purity would of themselves, without any direct precept, hinder polygamy from becoming the law of any Christian land. But Islam, by the very fact of regulating and restraining the licence of its own native land, has made polygamy the abiding law of every Mahometan people. The Gospel nowhere forbids slavery; but it lays down precepts whose spirit is incon-

* Springer, always fond of tracing things up to physical causes, has some curious physiological speculation on this side of Mahomet's character (vol. i. p. 209).

sistent with slavery, and which have, after a long struggle, succeeded in rooting out slavery from all European, and from most Christian lands. But Islam, by the very fact of enforcing justice and mercy for the slave, has perpetuated the existence of slavery among all its disciples. Christianity, by giving no civil precepts has remained capable of adapting itself to every form of government, to every state of society. Islam, by enforcing a code of precepts which were a vast reform at Mecca and Medina in the seventh century, has condemned all the lands of its obedience to abide in a state of imperfect civilization. Christianity lays down no rule as to the relations of the ecclesiastical and civil powers; it lays down no rule as to the political and civil dealings of its disciples with men of other creeds. Islam, by attaching the civil power to its religious head has condemned all Mahometan nations to abiding despotism; by enjoining the toleration of the unbeliever on certain fixed conditions, it hinders the establishment of real religious equality in any land where it is dominant. It is easy, by picking out the brightest spots in the history of Islam and the darkest spots in the history of Christendom, to draw an attractive picture of the benefits which Islam has given to the world. It is easy, by shutting our eyes to the existence of the Eastern Rome, to persuade ourselves, not only that science and art made great advances in the hands of the Mahometan disciples of Byzantium, but that they formed an actual monopoly in their hands. It is easy, by dwelling on the splendours of Bagdad and Cordova, to forget the desolation of Africa, the trampling under foot for so many ages of the national life of Persia. It is easy to show that the teaching of Islam was in itself far better than the idolatry of India, better even than the shape which the creed of Zoroaster had taken in later times. Nay, it may be that, in some times and places, Islam may have been felt as kindling a truer spiritual life than some of the forms of corrupted Christianity. But it is well to remember that the same corruptions which had already crept into Christianity crept, in their own time, into Islam also. The mystic superstition of the Persian, the saint-worship of the Turk, have fallen as far away from the first teaching of the Prophet of Arabia as any form of Christianity has fallen away from the first teaching of the Gospel. But let it be that, in all heathen and even in some Christian lands, Islam in its first and best days ap-

peared as a reform. Still it is a reform which has stifled all other reforms. It is a reform which has chained down every nation which has accepted it at a certain stage of moral and political growth. As such, this system of imperfect truth must ever be the greatest hindrance in the way of more perfect truth. Because Islam comes nearer to Christianity than any other false system, because it comes nearer than any other to satisfying the wants of man's spiritual nature, for that very reason it is, above all other false systems, pre-eminently anti-Christian. It is, as it were, the personal enemy and rival of the faith, disputing on equal terms for the same prize. It has shown itself so in the whole course of history; it must go on showing itself so, wherever the disciples of Mahomet cleave faithfully to the spirit and the letter of their own law.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we may do justice to whatever is good in the system; we may admire whatever was good in its founder. We may lament that a man who began as so mighty an instrument of good in his own time should have changed into an abiding instrument of evil for all time. Still we may admire the personal virtues of the man, his constancy in the days of his adversity, his sublime simplicity in his days of triumph. And we can look with sympathy on earnest believers in his teaching, who labour to spread the knowledge of such imperfect truth as they have among those who are still further cut off from the knowledge of the right way. Islam, we should never forget, is still a missionary religion, one which still makes its way, by persuasion as well as by conquest, into the dark corners of the heathen world. We may sigh that the preaching of an imperfect creed proves everywhere the greatest hindrance to the preaching of a more perfect one; we may grudge the successes of the Mahometan missionary which condemn beforehand the labours of the Christian missionary to be in vain; but for the Mahometan missionary himself, giving himself to hand on to others such light as he himself has, we can feel nothing but respect and sympathy. And we can feel sympathy too for earnest believers in Islam, devout students of the Koran, who have enough of faith in their own system, enough of good-will towards the followers of rival systems, to challenge men of rival creeds to meet them on the fair field of reasonable discussion. For our own part in the matter, we have gone but little into detail; we have preferred to record the impressions which

we have drawn from the Koran and from its great German and English interpreters, chiefly as bearing on the great facts of history, and especially on the relations of Islam to other monotheistic creeds. But we shall be well pleased if we can send any in whom we can awaken a wish to study the subject more in detail, to the works of Weil and Muir, and those who are more enduring to that of Dr. Sprenger. But we feel that all that we do we are doing from an imperfect point of view, from the point of view of those who look to the history and religions of the East mainly in their relation to the European and Christian world. But a view from the side of purely Oriental learning can hardly fail to be equally imperfect. Till some superhuman genius shall unite in himself the lore of all ages and languages, scholars in different branches must be content to interchange the ideas which they have formed from their several points of view; and each one to profit by the experience of fellow-labourers in other fields.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

AFTER the passage of these miserable creatures, to whom I gave a little bread — though we had scarcely any left, since the Germans, only two days before, had robbed us of twenty-seven loaves, just fresh out of the oven — after this melancholy sight, we saw coming with a terrible clatter and ringing of sabres, one after the other, three Prussian aides-de-camp, who were announced to us: the first a colonel, the second a general, and the third I cannot remember what — a duke, a prince, something of that kind!

It was the colonel whom I had the honour, as they call it, to entertain, Colonel Waller, of the 10th regiment of Silesian grenadiers; and then followed the general, who did me the honour to sup at my house at my expense. This man's name was Macha-Cowsky. They had the pleasure of informing us that that very night Phalsbourg was to be thoroughly shelled. Those gentlemen are full of the greatest delicacy; they imagined that this good news was going to delight me, my wife, and my daughter!

The flag of the Silesian grenadiers was brought into the colonel's apartment.

This regiment was arriving from the Austrian frontier; it had waited for the declaration of neutrality of the good Catholics down there, to come by rail and unite with the twelve army corps which were invading us with so much glory.

I learnt this by overhearing their conversation.

That was a very bad night for us. The officers wanted to be waited on separately, one after the other; my poor wife was obliged to cook for them, to bring them plates, — in a word to be their servant; and Grédel, in spite of her indignation, was helping her mother, pale with passion and compressing her lips to keep it down.

The general and the colonel took their supper at nine, the aide-de-camp at ten! and so forth all the night through, without giving a thought to the exhaustion and trouble of the poor women.

They were laughing a good deal over what Monsieur le Curé of Wilsbourg had said the night before; who had told them that the misfortunes of Napoleon had arisen from his withdrawing his troops from Rome, and that "whoever ate of the Pope would burst asunder!"

They enjoyed these words and had great fun over them.

I, in my corner, came to the conclusion that from a fool you must expect nothing but foolishness.

At last I dropped off to sleep, with my head upon my knees; but scarcely had daylight appeared when the house was filled with the ringing of spurs and steel scabbards, and above all rose the loud voice of the aide-de-camp: "Where are you, you scoundrel! will you come, ass! fool! brute! come this way, will you?"

This is the way he called his servant! This is exactly the way they treat their soldiers, who listen to them gravely, the hand raised beside the ear, eyes looking right before them, without uttering a sound! He is lucky, too, if the speech finishes without a smart box on the ears or a kick in the rear! This is what they hope to see us coming to some day; this is what they call "instructing us in the noble virtues of the Germans."

The colonel breakfasted at about five in the morning; a company came for the flag, and the regiments marched off: we were very glad. When about seven the bombardment opened with an awful crashing noise. Sixty guns at Wéchém were firing at the same time.

The town replied: but at half-past eight a heavy cloud of smoke was already over-

hanging Phalsbourg; the heavy guns of the fortress only replied with the more spirit; the shells whizzed, the bombs burst upon the hill-side, and the thunders of the basin of Wilseberg roared and rolled in echoing claps to the remotest ends of Alsace.

My wife and Grédel, seated opposite each other, looked silently in each other's faces; I paced up and down with my head bowed, thinking of Jacob, and of all those good people who at that moment had before their eyes the spectacle of their burning houses and furniture, the fruit of their fifty years of labour.

At ten I came out: the dense column of smoke had spread wider and wider; it extended itself toward the hospital and the church; it seemed like a vast black flag which drooped low from time to time and rose again to meet the clouds.

A squadron of cuirassiers, and behind them another of hussars, dashed past up the face of the hill; but they came down again with lightning speed in the direction of Metting, where the Prussian prince had his head-quarters.

The shells of the sixty guns went on their way rising through the air and falling into the smoke; the bombs and the shells from the town dropped behind the Prussian batteries, and exploded in the fields.

The echoes could be heard from the Lutzelbourg, thundering from one moment to another. The old castle down below must have shaken and trembled upon its rock.

In the midst of all this terrible din the pillage was beginning afresh; gangs of robbers were breaking from their ranks, and whilst the officers were admiring the burning town through their field-glasses, they were running from house to house, pointing their bayonets at the women and demanding eau-de-vie, butter, eggs, cheese, anything they expected to find according to the inspector's reports. If you kept bees, they must have honey; if you kept poultry, it must be fowl or eggs. And these brigands in bands of five or six, rummaged and plundered everywhere. They committed other horrible deeds which it is not fit even to mention.

These are your good old German manners!

And they reproach us with our Turcos; but the Turcos are saints compared with these filthy vagabonds, who are still polluting our hospitals.

Coming nearer to us, these robbers found a man awaiting them firmly at his

door; I had grasped a pitchfork, Grédel stood behind with an axe. Then, having, I suppose, no written order to rob, and fearful lest my neighbours should come to my side, they sneaked away further.

But about eleven, a lieutenant, with a canteen woman, came to order me to give up to him a few pints of wine; saying that he would pay me every sou, by-and-bye. This was a polite way of robbing; for who would be such a fool as to refuse credit to a man who has you by the throat. I took them down to the cellar, the woman filled her two little barrels, and then they departed.

About one the colonel returned at the head of his regiment, and advanced as far as the door without alighting from his horse, asking for a glass of wine and a piece of bread, which my wife presented him. He could not stop another moment.

Scarcely had he left us, when again the canteen-woman's barrels had to be replenished. This time it was an ensign, who swore that the debt should be fully paid that very night. He emptied my cask, and went off with a conceited strut.

Whilst all this was going on the cannon were thundering, the smoke rising higher and thicker. The bombs from Phalsbourg burst on the plateau of Berlingen. At half-past four half the town was blazing; at five the flames seemed spreading further yet; and the church steeple, which was built of stone, seemed still to be standing erect, but as hollow as a cage; the bells had melted, the solid beams and the roof fallen in: from a distance of five miles you could see right through it. About ten, the people in our village, standing before their houses with clasped hands, suddenly saw the flames pierce to an immense height through the dense smoke into the sky.

The cannon ceased to roar. A flag of truce had just gone forward once more to summon the place to surrender. But our lads are not of the sort who give themselves up; nor the people of Phalsbourg either: on the contrary, the more the fire consumed, the less they had to lose; and, fortunately, the biscuit and the flour which had been intended for Metz since the battle of Reichshoffen, had remained at the storehouses, so that there were provisions enough for a long while. Only meat and salt were failing: as if people with any sense ought not to have a stock of salt in every fortified town, kept safe in some cellars, enough to last ten years. Salt is not expensive; it never spoils; at the end of a

century it is found as good as at first. But our commissaries of stores are so perfect! A poor miller could not presume to offer this simple piece of advice. Yet the want of salt was the cause of the worst sufferings of the inhabitants during the last two months of the siege.

The flag of truce returned at night, and we learnt that there was no surrender.

Then a few more shells were fired, which killed some of those who had already left the shelter of the casemates—some women, and other poor creatures. At last the firing ceased on both sides. It was about nine. The profound silence after all this uproar seemed strange. I was standing at my own door looking round, when suddenly, in the dark street, my cousin appeared.

"Is anybody there?"

"No."

And we entered the room, where were Grédel and my wife.

"Well," said he, laughing and winking, "our boys won't give in. The commanding officer is a brave fellow."

"Yes," said my wife, "but what has become of Jacob?"

"Pooh!" said George, "he is perfectly well. I have seen very different bombardments from these; at St Jean d'Ulloa they fired upon us with shells of a hundred-and-twenty pounds; these are only sixes and twelves. Well, after all, when a man has seen his thirtieth or fortieth year, it is a good deal to say. Don't be uneasy; I assure you that your boy is quite well: besides are not the ramparts the best place?"

Then he sat down and lighted his pipe. The blazing town sent out such a glow of light that the shadows of our casemats were quivering on the illumined bed curtains.

"It is burning fiercely," said my cousin. "How hot they must be down there! But how unfortunate that the Archeviller tunnel should not have been blown up! and that the orders of his Majesty did not arrive to apply the match to the train that was ready laid! What a misfortune for France to have such an incompetent man at her head! The town holds out; if the tunnel had only been blown up the Germans would have been obliged to take the town! The bombardment makes no impression; they would have been obliged to proceed by regular approaches by digging trenches, and then make two or three assaults. This would have detained them a fortnight, three weeks, or a month; and

during this interval, the country might have taken breath. I know that the Prussians have a road by Forbach and Sarre Union to hold the railway at Nancy; but Toul is there! And then there is a wide difference between marching on foot one day's march, and then another day's march with guns, and ammunition, and all sorts of provisions dragging after you, convoys to be escorted and watched for fear of sudden attacks, and holding a perfect railroad which brings everything quietly under your hands! Yes, it is indeed a misfortune to be ruled by an idiot, who has people around him who declare he is an eagle."

Thus spoke my cousin; and my wife informed him that it would please her much better to see the Germans pass by than to have to entertain them.

"You speak just like a woman," answered George. "No doubt we are suffering losses; but do you suppose that France will not indemnify us? Do you think we shall always be having idiots and sycophants for our deputies? If we are not paid for this, who, in future, will think of defending his country? We should all open our doors to the enemy: this would be the destruction of France. Get these notions out of your head, Catherine, and be sure that the interest of the individual is identical with that of the nation. Ah! if that tunnel had been blown up the Germans would have been in a very different position!"

Thereupon, my cousin fixed his eyes upon that unhappy town, which resembled a sea of fire; out of two hundred houses, fifty-two, besides the church, were a prey to the flames. No noise could be heard on account of the distance, but sometimes a red glare shot even to us, and the moon, sailing through the clouds on our left peacefully, went on her way as she has done since the beginning of the world. All the hateful passions, all the fearful crimes of men never disturb the stars of heaven in their silent paths! George, having gazed with teeth set and lips compressed, left us without another word.

We sat up all that night. You may be sure that no one slept in the whole village; for every one had there a son, a brother, or a friend.

The next day, the 15th of August, when the morning mists had cleared away, the smoke was rising still, but it was not so thick. Then the main body of the German army proceeded on their march to Nancy; and the lieutenant who, the night before,

had promised to pay me for my wine, had stepped out left foot foremost having forgotten to say good-bye to me. If the rest of the German officers are at all like that fellow, I would strongly recommend no one ever to trust them even with a single liard on their mere word.

After the departure of this second army, came the 6th corps; the next day, Sunday, and the day after there passed cavalry regiments: chasseurs, lancers, hussars, brown, green, and black, without number. They all marched past us down our valley, and their faces were towards the interior of France. Yet there remained a force of infantry and artillery around Phalsbourg, at Wéchem, Vilsbourg, at Biechelberg, the Quatre Vents, the Baraques, etc. The rumour ran that they were to be reinforced with heavier artillery, to lay regular siege to the place; but what they had was just sufficient to secure the railroad, the Archeviller tunnel, and in our direction the pass of the Graufthal.

The provisions, the stores, the spare horses, and the infantry followed the valley of Lutzelbourg; their cavalry were in part following after ours.

Since that time we have seen no bombardments, except on a small scale; sorties might easily have been made by the townspeople, for all right-minded people would rather have given their cattle to the town than see them requisitioned by the Prussians.

Yes, indeed, it was those requisitions which tormented us the most. Oh these requisitions! The seven or eight thousand men who were blockading the town lived at our expense, and denied themselves nothing.

But a little later, during the blockade of Metz, we were to experience worse miseries yet.

VIII.

A FEW days after the passage of the last squadrons of hussars, we learnt that the Phalsburgers had made a sortie to carry off cattle from the Biechelberg. That night they might have captured the whole of the garrison of our village; but the officer in command of the party was a poor creature. Instead of approaching in silence, he had ordered guns to be fired at two hundred paces from the enemy's advanced posts, to frighten the Prussians! But they, in great alarm, had sprung out of their beds, where they lay fast asleep, and had all decamped, firing back at our

men; and the peasants lost no time in driving their cattle into the woods.

From this you may see what notions our officers had about war.

"The men of 1814," said our old farmer, Martin Kopp, "set to work in a different way; they were sure to fetch back bullocks, cows, and prisoners into the town."

When cousin George was spoken to of these matters, he shrugged his shoulders and made no remark.

Worse than all, the Prussians made fun of us unlucky villagers of Rothalp, calling us "*la grande nation*!" But was it our fault if our officers, who had almost all been brought up by the Jesuits, knew nothing of their profession? If our lads had been drilled, if every man had been compelled to serve, as they are in Germany; and if every man had been given the post for which he was best fitted, according to his acquirements and his spirit, I don't think the Prussians would have got so much fun out of "*la grande nation*."

This was the only sortie attempted during the siege. The commander, Talliaut, who had plenty of sense, was quite aware that with officers of this stamp, and soldiers who knew nothing of drill, it was better to keep behind the ramparts and try to live without meat.

About the same time one officer in command of the post of the Landwehr at Wéchem, the greatest drunkard and the worst bully we have ever seen in our part of the country, came to pay me his first visit along with fifteen men with fixed bayonets.

His object was to requisition in our village three hundred loaves of bread, some hay, straw, and oats in proportion.

In the first place he walked into my mill, crying "Hallo! good morning, M. le Maire!"

Seeing those bayonets at my door, a fidgetty feeling came over me.

"I am come to bring you a proclamation from his Majesty the King of Prussia. Read that!"

And I read the following proclamation;—
"We, William, King of Prussia, make known to the inhabitants of the French territory that the Emperor Napoleon III., having attacked the German nation by sea and by land, whose desire was and is to live at peace with France, has compelled us to assume the command of our armies, and, consequently upon the events of war, to cross the French frontier; but that I make war upon soldiers and not upon French citizens, who shall continue

to enjoy perfect security, both as regards their persons and their property, as long as they shall not themselves compel me, by hostile measures against the German troops, to withdraw my protection from them."

"You will post up this proclamation," said the lieutenant to me, "upon your door, upon that of the mayoralty-office, and upon the church door. Well! are you glad?"

"Of course," said I.

"Then," he replied, "we are good friends; and good friends must help one another. Come, my boys," he cried to his soldiers, with a loud laugh, "come on — let us all go in. Here you may fancy yourselves at home. You will be refused nothing. Come in!"

And these robbers first entered the mill; then they passed on into the kitchen; from the kitchen into the house, and then they went down into the cellar.

My wife and Grédel had sought safety in flight.

Then commenced a regular organized pillage. They cleared out my chimney of its last hams and fitches of bacon; they broke in my last barrel of wine; they opened my wardrobe — scenting down to the very bottom like a pack of hounds. I saw one of these soldiers lay hands even upon the candle out of the candlestick and stuff it into his boot.

One of my lambs having begun to bleat:

"Hollo!" cried the lieutenant, "Sheep! we want mutton."

And the infamous rascals went off to the stable to seize upon my sheep.

When there was nothing left to rob, this gallant officer handed me the list of regular requisitions, saying, "We require these articles. You will bring the whole of them this very evening to Wéchem, or we shall be obliged to repeat our visit: you comprehend, Monsieur le Maire? And, especially, do not forget the proclamations, his Majesty's proclamations; that is of the first importance, it was our principal object in coming. Now, Monsieur le Maire, *au revoir, au revoir!*"

The abominable brute held out his hand to me, in its coarse leather glove — I turned my back upon him; he pretended not to see it, and marched off in the midst of his soldiers, all loaded like pack-horses, laughing, munching, tipling; for every man had filled his tin flask and stuffed his canvas bag full.

Further on they visited several of the other principal houses — my cousin's, the curé Daniel's. They were so loaded with

plunder that, after their last visit, they halted to lay under requisition a horse and cart, which seemed to them handier than carrying all that they had stolen.

War is a famous school for thieves and brigands; by the end of twenty years mankind would be a vast pack of villains.

Perhaps this may yet be our fate; for I remember that the old school-master at Bouxviller told us that there had been once in ancient times populous nations, richer than we are, who might have prospered for thousands of years by means of commerce and industry, but who had been so madly bent upon their own extermination by means of war, that their country became at last sandy wastes, where not a blade of grass grows now, and nothing is found but scattered rocks.

This is our impending fate; and I fear I may see it before I die, if such men as Bismarck, Bonaparte, William, De Moltke, and all those creatures of blood and rapine do not swiftly meet with their deserved retribution.

The pillaging lieutenant that I told you of just now was made a captain at the end of the war — the reward of his merit. I cannot just now recollect his name; but when I mention that he used to roam from village to village, from one public house to another, soaking in, like a sand-bank, wine, beer, and ardent spirits; that he bellowed our songs like a bull-calf; that he used in a maudlin way to prate about little birds; that he levied requisitions at random; and that he used to return to his quarters about one, or two, or three o'clock in the morning, so intoxicated that it was incredible that a human being in such a state could keep his seat on horseback, and yet was ready again to begin next morning: yes, I need but mention these circumstances, and everybody will recognize in a minute the big German brute!

The other Landwehr officers, in command at Wilsberg, Quatre Vents, Mittelbronn, and elsewhere, were scarcely better. After the departure of the princes, the dukes, and the barons, these men looked upon themselves as the lords of the land. Every day we used to hear of fresh crimes committed by them upon poor defenceless creatures. One day at Mittelbronn, they shot a poor idiot who had been running barefoot in the woods for ten years, hurting nobody; the next day, at Wilsberg, they stripped naked a poor boy who unfortunately had come too near their batteries, and the officer himself, with his heavy boots, kicked him till the blood

ran; and then, at the Quatre Vents, they pulled out of the cellar two feeble old men, and exposed them two days and nights to the rain and the cold, threatening to kill them if they did but stir; they pillaged oxen, sheep, hay, straw, smashed furniture, burst in windows, day after day, for the mere pleasure of killing and destroying.

Sometimes they found amusement in threatening to make the curés and the mairies drive the cattle which they themselves had lifted. And as the Germans enjoy the reputation with us of being very learned, I feel bound to declare that I have never seen one, whether officer or private, with a book in his hand.

Cousin George said, with good reason, that all their learning bears upon their military profession: the spy system, and the study of maps for officers, and discipline under corporal punishment for the rest. The only clear notion they have in their heads is that they must obey their chiefs and gravely receive slaps in the face.

The young men employed in trade are great travellers. They get information in other countries; they are sly; they never answer questions; they are good servants, and cheap; but at the first signal, back they go to get kicked; and they think nothing of shooting their old shop-mates, and those whose bread they have been eating for years.

In their country some are born to slap, others to be slapped. They regard this as a law of nature: a man is honourable or not according as he may be the son of a nobleman or a tradesman, a baron or a workman. With them, the less honourable the man, the better the soldier; he is only expected to obey, to black boots, and to rub down the officer's horse when he is ordered; a banker's, or a rich citizen's son obeys just like any one else! Hence there is no doubt that their armies are well disciplined. George said that their superior officers handled a hundred thousand men with greater ease than ours could manage ten thousand, and that, for that purpose, less talent was needed. No doubt! If I, who am only a miller, had by chance been born King of Prussia, I should lead them all by the bridle, like my horses, and better. I should simply be careful, on the eve of any difficult enterprise, to consult two or three clever fellows, who should clear up my ideas for me, and engage in my service highly educated young men to look after affairs. Then the machine would act of itself, just like my mill, where the cogs work into each other without tronb-

ling me. The machinery does everything — genius, good sense, and good feeling are not wanted.

These ideas have come into my mind, thinking upon what I have observed since the opening of this campaign; and this is why I say we must have discipline, to play this game over again; only, as the French possess the sentiment of honour, they must be made to understand that he who has no discipline is wanting in honour, and betrays his country. Then, without kicking and slapping, we shall obtain discipline; we may handle vast masses, and shall beat the Germans, as we have done hundreds of times before.

These things should be taught in every school, and the schools should be numberless; at the very head of the Catechism should be written — "The first virtue of the citizen under arms is obedience; the man who obeys not is a coward, a traitor to the Republic."

These were my thoughts; and now I continue my story.

After the passage of the German armies, our unhappy country was, as it were, walled round with a rampart of silence; for all the men who were blockading Phalsbourg, and the few detachments which were still passing with provisions, stores, flocks of sheep, and herds of oxen through the valley, were under orders not to speak to us, but leave us to the influence of fear. We received no more newspapers, no more letters, nor the least fragment of intelligence from the interior. We could hear the bombardment of Strasbourg when the wind blew from the Rhine. All was in flames down there; but, as no one dared to come and go, on account of the enemy's posts placed at every point, nothing was known. Melancholy and grief were killing us. No one worked. What was the use of working, when the bravest, the most industrious, the most thrifty saw the fruit of their labour devoured by innumerable brigands? Men almost regretted having done their duty by their children, depriving themselves of necessities, to feed in the end such base wretches as these. They would say: "Is there any justice left in the world? Are not upright men, tender mothers of families, and dutiful children, fools? Would it not be better to become thieves and rogues at once? Do not all the rewards fall to the brutish? Are not those hypocrites who preach religion and mercy? Our only duty is to become the strongest. Well, let us be the strongest; let us pass over the bodies of our fellow-creatures, who have done us no

harm; let us spy, cheat, and pillage: if we are the strongest, we shall be in the right."

Here is the list of the requisitions, made in the poorest cabins, for every Prussian who was lodged there: judge what must have been our misery.

"For every man lodging with you, you will have to furnish daily 750 grammes of bread, 500 grammes of meat, 250 grammes of coffee, 60 grammes of tobacco, or five cigars, a half litre of wine, or a litre of beer, or a tenth part of a litre of eau-de-vie. Besides, for every horse twelve kilos of oats, five kilos of hay, and two and a half kilos of straw."*

Every one will say, "How was it possible for unfortunate peasants to supply all that? It is impossible."

Well, no. The Prussians did get it. In this wise. They made excursions to the very farthest farms, they carried off everything, hay, straw; elsewhere they carried off the cattle; elsewhere, corn; elsewhere again, wine, eau-de-vie, beer; elsewhere they demanded contributions in money. Every man gave up what he had to give, so that, by the end of the campaign, there was nothing left.

Yes, indeed! We were comfortable before this war; we were rich without knowing it. Never had I supposed that we had in our country such quantities of hay, so many head of cattle.

It is true that, at the last, they gave us bonds; but not until three-quarters and more of our provisions had been consumed. And now they make a pretence of indemnifying us; but in thirty years, supposing there is peace—in thirty years our village will not possess what it had last year.

Ah! vote, vote in plébiscites, you poor miserable peasants! Vote for bonds for hay, straw and meat, milliards and provinces for the Prussians! Our *honest man* promises peace: he who has broken his oath—trust in his word!

Whenever I think on these things, my hair stands on end. And those who voted against the Plébiscite, they have had to pay just as dearly. How bitterly they must feel our folly; and how anxious they must be to educate us!

Imagine the condition of my wife and of my daughter seeing us so denuded! for women cleave to their savings much more closely than men; and then mother was only thinking of Jacob, and Grédel of her Jean-Baptiste.

Cousin George knew this. He tried

several times to get news of the town. A few Turcos, who had escaped from the carnage of Froeschwiller, had remained in town, and every day a few got out through the posterns to have a shot at the Germans. On the other hand, as the attack on the place had been sudden and unforeseen, there had been no time to throw down the trees, the hedges, the cottages, and the tombstones in the cemetery. So this work began afresh: everything within cannon-shot was razed without mercy.

George tried to reach these men, but the enemy's posts were still too close. At last he got news, but in a way which can scarcely be told—by an abandoned woman, who was allowed in the German lines. This creditable person told us that Jacob was well; and, no doubt, she also brought some kind of good news to Grédel, for from that moment she was another woman. The very next day she began to talk to us about her marriage-portion, and insisted upon knowing where we had hidden it. I told her that it was in the wood, at the foot of a tree. Then she was in alarm lest the Prussians should have discovered it, for they searched everywhere; they had exact inventories of what was owned by every householder. They had gone even to the very end of our cellars to discover choice wines: for instance, at Mathis', at the saw-mills, and at Frantz Sélès at Metting. Nothing could escape them, having had for years our own German servants to give them every information, who privately kept an account of our cattle, hay, corn, wine, and everything that every house could supply. These Germans are the most perfect spies in the world; they come into the world to spy, as birds do to thieve: it is part of their nature. Let the Americans and all the people who are kind enough to receive them think of this. Their imprudence may some day cost them dearly. I am not inventing. I am not saying a word too much. We are an example. Let the world profit by it.

So Grédel feared for our hoard. I told her I had been to see, and that nothing in the neighbourhood had been disturbed.

But, after having quieted her, I myself had a great fright.

One Sunday evening, about thirty Prussians, commanded by their famous lieutenant, came to the mill, striking the floor with the butt-ends of their muskets, and shouting that they must have wine and eau-de-vie.

I gave them the keys of the cellar.

"That is not what I want," said the lieu-

* Bread, about 2 lbs.; meat, 1 1/2 lbs.; coffee, 8 oz.; tobacco, 2 oz.; wine, 3/4 pint; or beer, 1 1/2 pints; oats, 2 1/2 lbs., etc.

tenant. "You took sixteen hundred livres at Saverne last month; where are they?"

Then I saw that I had been denounced. It was Placiard, or some of that rabble; for denunciations were beginning. *All who have since declared for the Germans were already beginning this business.* I could not deny it, and I said: "It is true. As I was owing money at Phalsbourg, I paid what I owed, and I placed the rest in safety under the care of lawyer Fingado."

"Where is that lawyer?"

"In the town guarded by the sixty big guns that you know of."

Then the lieutenant paced up and down, growling, "You are an old fox. I don't believe you. You have hid your money somewhere. You shall send in your contribution in money."

"I will furnish, like others, my contribution for six men with what I have got. Here are my hay, my wheat, my straw, my flour. Whatever is left you may have; when there is nothing left, you may seek elsewhere. You may kill the people; you may burn towns and villages; but you cannot take money from those who have none."

He stared at me, and one of the soldiers, mad with rage, seized me by the collar, roaring, "Show us your hoard, old rascal!"

Several others were pushing me out of doors; my wife came crying and sobbing; but Grédel darted in, armed with a hatchet, crying to these robbers, "Pack of cowards! You have no courage—you are all like Schinderhannes!"

She was going to fall upon them; but I bade her: "Grédel go in again."

At the same time I threw open my waistcoat, and told the brute who was pointing his bayonet at my breast: "Now thrust, wretch; let it be over!"

It seems that there was something at that moment in my attitude which awed them; for the lieutenant, who did nothing but scour the country with his band, exclaimed: "Come, let us leave *monsieur le maire* alone. When we have taken the place, we shall find his money at the lawyer's. Come, my lads, come on; let us go and look elsewhere. His Majesty wants crown-pieces: we will find them. Good-by, *Monsieur le Maire*. Let us bear no malice."

He was laughing; but I was as pale as death, and went in trembling.

I fell ill.

Many people in the country were suffering from dysentery, which we owe again

to these gormandizers, for they devoured everything; honey, butter, cheese, green fruit, beef, mutton, everything was engulphed anyhow down their huge swallows. At Pfalsweyer they had even swallowed vinegar for wine. I cannot tell what they ate at home, but the voracity of these people would make you suppose that at home they knew no food but potatoes and cold water.

In their sanitary regulations there was plenty of room for improvement; health and decency were alike disregarded.

That year the crows came early; they swept down to earth in great clouds. But for this help, a plague would have fallen upon us.

I cannot relate all the other torments these Prussians inflicted upon us; such as compelling us to cut down wood for them in the forest, to split it, to pile it up in front of their advanced posts; threatening the peasants with having to go to the front and dig in the trenches. On account of this, whole villages fled without a minute's warning, and the Landwehr took the opportunity to pillage the houses without resistance. Worse than all, they polluted and desecrated the churches—to the great distress of all right-minded people, whether Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. This proved that these fellows respected nothing: that they took a pleasure in humiliating the souls of men in their tenderest and holiest feelings. For even with ungodly men a church, a temple, a synagogue are venerable spots. There our mothers carried us to receive the blessing of God; there we called God to witness our love for her with whom we had chosen to travel together the journey of life; thither we bore father and mother to commend their souls to the mercy of God after they had ceased to suffer in this world.

These wretched men dared do this; therefore shall they be execrated from generation to generation, and our hatred shall be inextinguishable!

Whilst all these miseries were overwhelming us, rumours of all sorts ran through the country. One day Cousin George came to tell us that he had heard from an innkeeper from Sarrebourg that a great battle had been fought near Metz; that we might have been victorious, but that the Emperor, not knowing where to find his proper place, got in everybody's way; that he would first fly to the right, then to the left, carrying with him his escort of three or four thousand men, to guard his person and his ammunition-wagons; that it had been found abso-

lutely necessary to declare his command null and void, and to send him to Verdun to get rid of him: for he durst not return to Paris, where indignation against his dynasty broke out louder and louder.

"Now," said my cousin, "Bazaine is at the head of our best army. It is a sad thing to be obliged to entrust the destinies of our country to the hands of the man who made himself too well known in Mexico; whilst the Minister of War, old De Montauban, has distinguished himself in China and in Africa in that Doineau affair. Yes, these are three men worthy to lay their heads close together—the Emperor, Bazaine, and Palikao! Well, let us hope on—hope costs nothing!"

Thus passed away the month of August—the most miserable month of August in all our lives!

On the first of September, about ten o'clock at night, everybody was asleep in the village, when the cannon of Phalsbourg began to roar; it was the heavy guns on the bastion of Wilschberg, and those of the infantry barracks. Our little houses shook.

All rose from their beds and got lights. At every report our windows rattled. I went out; a crowd of other peasants, men and women, were listening and gazing. The night was dark, and the red lightning flashes from the two bastions lighted up the hills second after second.

Then, curiosity carried me away. I wished to know what it was, and in spite of all my wife could say, I started with three or four neighbors for Berlingen. As fast as we ascended amongst the bushes, the din became louder; on reaching the brow, we heard a great stir all round us. The people of Berlingen had fled into the wood: two shells had fallen in the village. It was from this height that I observed the effects of the heavy guns, the bombs and shells rushing in the direction where we stood, hissing and roaring just like the noise of a steam-engine, and making such dreadful sounds that one could not help shrinking.

At the same time we could hear a distant rolling of carriages at full gallop; they were driving from Quatre Vents to Wilschberg; no doubt it was a convoy of provisions and stores, which the Phalsbourgers had observed a long way off: the moon was clouded; but young people have sharp eyes. After seeing this, we came down again, and I recognized my cousin, who was walking near me.

"Good evening, Christian," said he, "what do you think of that?"

"I am thinking that men have invented dreadful engines to destroy each other."

"Yes, but this is nothing as yet, Christian; it is but the small beginning of the story; in a year or two peace will be signed between the King of Prussia and France, but eternal hatred has arisen between the two nations—just, fearful, unforgiving hatred. What did we want of the Germans? Did we want any of their provinces? No, the majority of Frenchmen cared for no such thing. Did we covet their glory? No, we had military glory enough, and to spare! So that they had no inducement to treat us as enemies. Well, whilst we were trying, in the presence of all Europe, the experiment of universal suffrage at our own risk and peril—and this step so fair, so equitable, but still so dangerous with an ignorant people, had placed a bad man at the helm, these good Christians took advantage of our weakness to strike the blow they had been fifty-four years in preparing. They have succeeded! But woe to us! woe to them! This war will cost more blood and tears than the Zinzel could carry to the Rhine!"

Thus spoke Cousin George: and, unhappily, from that day I have had reason to acknowledge that he was right. Those who were far from the enemy are now close, and those who are further off will be forced to take a part. Let the men of the south of France remember that they are French as well as we, and if they don't want to feel the sharp claw of the Prussian upon their shoulders, let them rise in time: next to Lorraine comes Champagne; next to Alsace comes Franche Comté and Burgundy; these have fertile lands, and the Germans are fond of good wine. Clear-sighted men had long forewarned that the Germans wanted Alsace and Lorraine: we could not believe it; now the same men tell us, "The Germans want the whole of France! This race of slappers and slapped want to govern all Europe. Hearken! The day of the Chambers, upheld by the Jesuits, and of the Bonapartes, supported by spies and fools, has gone by for ever! Let us be united under the Republic, or the Germans will devour us!" I think the men who tender this advice have a claim to be heard.

The day after the cannonade we learned that some carts had been upset and pillaged near Berlingen. Then the Prussian major declared that the commune was responsible for the loss, and that it would have to pay up five hundred francs damages.

Five hundred francs! Alas! where could they be found after this pillage?

Happily, the Mayor of Berlingen succeeded in making the discovery that the sentinels who had the charge of the carts had themselves committed the robbery, to make presents to the depraved creatures who infested the camp, and the general contributions went on as before.

Early in September the weather was fine; and I shall always remember that the oats dropped by the German convoys began to grow all along the road they had taken. No doubt there was a similar green track all the way from Bavaria far into the interior of France.

What a loss for our country! for it always fell to our share to replace anything that was lost or stolen. Of course the Prussians are too honourable to pick or steal anywhere!

In that comparatively quiet time, by night, we could hear the bombardment of Strasbourg. About one in the morning, while the village was asleep, and all else in the distance was wrapped in silence, then those deep and loud reports were heard one by one. The citadel alone received five shells and one bomb per minute. Sometimes the fire increased in intensity; the din became terrible; the earth seemed to be trembling far away down there: it sounded like the heavy strokes of the gravedigger at the bottom of a grave.

And this went on forty-two days and forty-two nights without intermission: the new Church, the Library, and hundreds of houses were burnt to the ground; the Cathedral was riddled with shot: a shell even carried away the iron cross at its summit. The unhappy Strasbourgers cast longing eyes westwards; none came to help. The men who have told me of these things when all was over could not refrain from tears.

Of Metz we heard nothing; rumours of battles, combats in Lorraine, ran through the country: rumours of whose authenticity we knew nothing.

The silence of the Germans was maintained, when one evening they burst into loud hurrahs from Wéchem to Biechelberg, from Biechelberg to Quatre Vents. George and his wife came with pale faces.

"Well, you know the despatch?"

"No; what is it?"

"The honest man at Sedan has just surrendered with eighty thousand Frenchmen! From the beginning of the world the like of it has never been seen. He has given up his sword to the King of Prussia—his famous sword of the 2nd December. He thought more of his own safety and his

ammunition waggons than of the honour of his name and the honour of France! Oh, the arch-deceiver! he has deceived me even in this: I did think he was brave!"

George lost all command over himself.

"There," said he, "that was to be the end of it! His own army was those ten or fifteen thousand Decemberlings, supplied by the Préfecture of Police, armed with loaded staves and life-preservers, to break the heads of the defenders of the laws. He thought himself able to lead a French army to victory, as if they were his gang of thieves; he has led them into a sort of a sink, and there, in spite of the valour of our soldiers, he has delivered them up to the King of Prussia: in exchange for what? We shall know by-and-by. Our unhappy sons refused to surrender: they would have preferred to die sword in hand, trying to fight their way out; it was his Majesty who, three times, gave orders to hoist the white flag!"

Thus spoke my cousin, and we, more dead than alive, could hear nothing but the shouts and rejoicings outside.

A flag of truce had just been despatched to the town. The Landwehr, who for some time had been occupying the place of the troops of the line with us—men of mature age, more devoted to peace than to the glory of King William, thought that all was over; that the King of Prussia would keep his word; that he would not continue against the nation the war begun against Bonaparte, and that the town would be sure to surrender now.

But the commander, Taillant, merely replied that the gates of Phalsbourg should be opened whenever he should receive his Majesty's written commands; that the fact of Napoleon having given up his sword was no reason why he should abandon his post; and that every man ought to be on his guard, in readiness for whatever might happen.

The flag of truce returned, and the joy of the Landwehr was calmed down.

At this time I saw something which gave me infinite pleasure, and which I still enjoy thinking of.

I had taken a short turn to Saverne by way of the Falterg, behind the German posts, hoping to learn news. Besides, I had some small debts to get in; money was wanted every day, and no one knew where to find it.

About five o'clock in the evening, I was returning home; the weather was fine; business had prospered, and I was step-

ping into the wayside inn at Tzise to take a glass of wine. In the parlour were seated a dozen Bavarians, quarrelling with as many Prussians seated round the deal tables. They had laid their hemlets on the window-seats, and were enjoying themselves away from their officers, no doubt on their return from some marauding expedition.

A Bavarian was exclaiming: "We are always put in the front, we are. The victory of Woerth is ours; but for us you would have been beaten. And it is we who have just taken the Emperor and all his army. You other fellows, you do nothing but wait in the rear for the honour and glory, and the profit, too!"

"Well, now," answered the Prussian, "what would you have done but for us? Have you got a general to show? Tell me your men. You are in the front line, true enough. You bear your broken bones with patience—I don't deny that. But who commands you? The Prince Royal of Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, our old General de Moltke, and his Majesty, King William! Don't tell us of your victories. Victories belong to the chiefs. Even if you were every one killed to the last man, what difference would that make? Does an architect owe his fame to his materials? What have picks and spades and trowels to do with victory?"

"What! the spades!" cried a Bavarian; "do you call us spades?"

"Yes, we do!" shouted the Prussian, arrogantly thumping the table.

Then, bang, bang went the pots and the bottles; and I only just had time to escape, laughing, and thinking: "After all, these poor Bavarians are right—they get the blows, and the others get the glory. Bismarck must be sly to have got them to accept such an arrangement. It is rather strong. And, then, what is the use of saying that the King of Bavaria is led by the Jesuits?"

About the 8th or 10th of September, the report ran that the Republic had been proclaimed at Paris; that the Empress, the Princess Mathilde, Palikao, and all the rest had fled; that a Government of National Defence had been proclaimed; that every Frenchman from twenty to forty years of age had been summoned to arms. But we were sure of nothing, except the bombardment of Strasbourg and the battles round Metz.

Justice compels me to say that everybody looked upon the conduct of Bazaine as admirable—that he was looked upon as the saviour of France. It was thought

that he was bearing the weight of all the Germans upon his shoulders, and that, finally, he would break out, and deliver Toul, Phalsbourg, Bitche, Strasbourg, and crush all the investing armies.

Often at that time George said to me: "It will soon be our turn. We shall all have to march. My plans are already made; my rifle and cartridge-box are ready. You must have the alarm-bell sounded as soon as we hear the cannon about Sarreguemines and Fénétrange. We shall take the Germans between two fires."

He said this to me in the evening, when we were alone, and I am sure I could have wished no better; but prudence was essential: the Landwehr kept increasing from day to day. They used to come and sit in our midst round the stove; they smoked their long porcelain pipes, with their heads down, in silence. As a certain number understood French, without telling us so, there was no talking together in their presence: every one kept his thoughts to himself.

All these Landwehr from Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria, were commanded by Prussian officers, so that Prussia supplied the officers, and the German States the soldiers: by these means they learn obedience to their true lords and masters. The Prussians were made to command, the others humbly to obey. Thus they gained the victory; and now it must remain so for ages, for the Alsacians and Lorrainers might revolt, France might rise, and troubles might come in all directions. Yes, all these good Landwehr will remain under arms from father to son; and the more numerous their victories, the higher the Prussians will climb upon their backs, and keep them firmly down.

One thing annoyed them considerably: this was a stir in the Vosges, and a talk of franc-tireurs, and of revolted villages about Epinal. Of course this stirred us up too. These Landwehr treated the franc-tireurs as brigands in ambush to shoot down respectable fathers of families, to rob convoys, and threatened to hang them.

For all that, many thought—"If only a few came our way with powder and muskets, we would join them, and try and get rid of our troubles ourselves."

Hope rose with these franc-tireurs; but the requisitions harrassed us all the more.

The pillage was not quite so bad, but it went on still. When our Landwehr, whom we were obliged to lodge and keep, went

off to mount guard at Phalsbourg, others came in troops from the neighbouring villages, shouting, storming, and bawling for oxen, sheep, bacon! And when they had terribly frightened the women, these fellows after all, were satisfied with a few eggs, a cheese, or a rope of onions; and then they would take their departure quite delighted.

Our own Landgehr no doubt did the

same, for they never seemed short of vegetables to cook; and these good fathers of families conscientiously divided it with all the abominable creatures who followed them and had no other way of living. How else could it be? It takes time to turn a man into a beast, but a few months of war soon bring men back into the savage state.

BEETHOVEN. — It was the natural consequence of Beethoven's views of his art that he should be supremely indifferent as to the comfort of the executants of his music. Consequently, we frequently meet with passages in his works which, to use the technical phrase, do not "lie well" for the voices or instruments for which they are written. Such a consideration would seem never to have entered into the composer's thoughts. On one occasion, the violinist, Schuppanzigh, whom Beethoven esteemed the best exponent of his music, pointed out to him that a passage in the great Quartett in F, Op. 59, was very inconvenient, and almost impracticable. "Does he suppose," was the reply, "that I think about a pitiful fiddler, when the Spirit speaks to me, and I write something down?" The composer's manner was singular, and not attractive. There was a surliness about him, a disregard to the conventionalities of society, which made an unfavourable impression upon those who did not know him, and which remind us of our own Johnson. Some amusing anecdotes of this bearish manner are recorded. On one occasion he was playing at a musical party, and was much annoyed by incessant conversation in the room. After vainly endeavouring by frowns and other signs to obtain silence, he rose abruptly from the piano, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Für solche Schweine spiel' ich nicht!" (For swine such as these I don't play.) He one day requested Schuppanzigh, the violinist, whom we have already mentioned, to call on him on business. Schuppanzigh, being pressed for time, stepped up to the table and spoke to Beethoven. The latter, dipping his pen into the ink, stepped up to Schuppanzigh, and made a large cross upon his white waistcoat, pointing to the door, and exclaiming, "You may wait; *this* cannot!" In comparison with some of the other great masters, Beethoven can scarcely be called a prolific composer. If we turn to the elaborate catalogue of Mozart's works, lately edited by Köchel, and see the astounding quantity of music written during a life of thirty-five years, the collection of Beethoven's works seems almost insignificant in quantity. There are two methods of composition; in the one the ideas flow with the rapidity of a torrent, and the music is produced as fast as the pen will drive. Such was the method of Handel, Mozart, and, more recently,

Schubert. By the other method, music is composed slowly, and with much thought, retouched and elaborated time after time with the same patient love with which the sculptor puts the finishing stroke to the creation of his brain and his chisel. Such was the plan of Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and (perhaps to a greater degree than any) Meyerbeer. Haydn spent three years over the "Creation;" and when asked why he was so long over it, quietly said, "Because I intend it to last a long time." Ries, in his biographical sketch of Beethoven, mentions a fact very characteristically illustrative of this minute attention to details. He says that when he was in London, negotiating the sale of his master's later compositions, he was not a little surprised to receive a letter from Vienna, in which Beethoven begged him to add two notes (A, C) to the beginning of the Adagio of the grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106. Ries was astonished that an alteration should be required in an elaborate composition finished some nine months previously; but his astonishment soon gave place to admiration at the wonderful effect of those introductory notes, which De Lenz calls "two steps leading down to the gate of the tomb." Herr Nottebohm's "Sketch Book of Beethoven," which is a minute description of the contents of one of the manuscript music books in which the composer wrote down his thoughts as they occurred to him, possesses peculiar interest in reference to this subject. In it we see the master in his workshop, we find the first germ of many of his finest pieces, and watch in succeeding pages how the ideas are touched up, refined, and polished, till, at last, they assume the form in which they are published.

British Quarterly Review.

It may not be out of place here to state that M. Ernest Marché has recently presented to the Society of Civil Engineers of France an elaborate paper "On the Dead Weight on Railways, and its Influence on the Cost of Transport." This forms a more complete investigation of the subject than it has ever before received.

The Athenæum.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

WHEN the Gospel of St. John was first given to the world, it appeared as a small separate publication. Any reader who might glance over its pages would see at once that it was a religious work respecting Jesus Christ, to whom some new revelation was attributed; and that the writer's aim was to communicate a knowledge of facts and doctrines, which he regarded as both certain and important. If the reader was acquainted with the other Gospels, a cursory perusal of this one would show remarkable agreements and differences. Like them, it is chiefly occupied with the last days of our Lord's history; but the preceding portion is very unlike. Less than the others has it the character of a complete biography; nor does it profess to be an account of the public ministry of Jesus. The plan is simple, but peculiar. After an introduction which connects the new revelation with the old, and a statement of the first testimonies to Jesus, as the Messiah, the Son of God, the writer gives his own account of what he describes as a Divine manifestation.* A series of events are related, some miraculous and some not, but all symbolical as well as real; and with these a series of conversations and discourses, addressed to inquirers or to opponents. The wedding at Cana, and the purification of the Temple, are the first of these events, and they are followed by the conversations with the Jewish teacher and the Samaritan woman, both referring to the new life which comes from the knowledge of God. In the early chapters the favourable acceptance of the ministry of our Lord in Jerusalem, Judæa, and Samaria, is recorded; but the hostility of the rulers is noticed in connection with his first public act, and this, ere long, led to his departure for Galilee.† From the fifth to the tenth chapters the opposition of the rulers is more fully related in connection with four Jewish festivals. At one of these He stayed in Galilee because the Judæans sought to kill Him, and on the three other occasions when He appeared in Jerusalem and taught, He was driven away by the violence of his enemies. From the eleventh chapter to the seventeenth, events and discourses are related which continue the account of the manifestation of Christ, and conduct to the close. The raising of Lazarus is recorded with the lessons then repeated respecting the

eternal life, seen in Jesus and received from Him; and the determination of the rulers no longer to defer the execution of the hostile designs which they had cherished from the beginning. The supper at Bethany, and the entry to the Holy City, are two events, followed by the last public discourses of our Lord, declaring that his death would be for the life of the world. After this the writer gives his own reflections, accounting for the rejection of Jesus, notwithstanding his wonderful works; and adding a summary of the words of Jesus respecting his relation to the Father.* Two other symbolical actions, the washing the Apostles' feet, and the Last Supper, precede the full account of the last conversations of Jesus. After this there is the narrative of his apprehension, trial, death, and resurrection, as in the other Gospels. Though the references to times and places are peculiarly distinct, the work has not at all the character of a consecutive history. It does not profess to be anything of the kind. The writer shows how words and works, which afforded progressively the knowledge of Jesus Christ, were accepted by some as a message from heaven, and rejected by others with increasing enmity. What the manifestation of Christ was in its chief characteristics, how it was received and resisted, and how it triumphed, are here seen in a selection of events and discourses. The statements of the introduction respecting the previous revelations of God are shown to be true of the revelation now given in Jesus Christ. "The light shines in the darkness." "He came to his own people, and they accepted Him not." "But such as received Him," of every race, they became "children of God."

Who wrote these things? is an inquiry, certainly important, though not indispensable. In seeking an answer to this question, it is natural and proper to begin with what is near and certain, not with what is distant and doubtful. We have the book before us. Does the writer show anything of himself? What is there in his work to confirm or contradict such indications of authorship? And, lastly, what may we learn from ancient testimony respecting its author?

I.

What does the writer show of himself?

1. It is manifest that, whatever his name and station, and whenever he wrote, the writer was a Christian, possessing the

* I. 14; II. 11; xii. 45.

† II. 19; iv. 1.

* xii. 44.

faith in Jesus which he sought to promote. It is equally evident that the features of our Lord's character to which he gives most prominence are *truthfulness* and *love*. These, as springing from *faith* in God, and as exercised for the good of men, are the chief points illustrated by the narratives, and inculcated by the discourses. All that is said and done is described as testimony to the truth. God is to be honoured by the *truth*; men are to be benefited by the *truth*; opposition must be expected on account of the *truth*; but for the *truth* one should wish to live, and for the *truth* one should be willing to die. The writer states these things of the Master, and with evident sympathy, showing the same spirit. The character, then, of the writer as shown in his work, is a sufficient ground for confidence in his truthfulness. As we become acquainted with him, we feel that he could not be false on any subject, still less could he give false testimony respecting One whom he supremely loved and honoured. The awe which, on several occasions noticed by him, prevented the Apostles from questioning the Lord, the writer felt; and he could never think of adorning with human fictions what he revered as a Divine reality. It may be said that good men have not been always truthful, and that pious frauds have not been uncommon. This we must allow, but still maintain that there is nothing to shake our confidence in the writer of this Gospel. Christians have been false, when forgetting the truthfulness of their Lord, but not when commending this grace, and inspired by its influence. They have stooped to deception when temporary dissimulation seemed to offer some great advantage, but not when there was no semblance of necessity, no apparent good to be gained by falsehood. Pious frauds have always come from the absence of faith in Christ, and are utterly incompatible with the loving, reverential trust which the writer manifests. They are as contrary as light and darkness. If the writer did not believe that Jesus changed water into wine, healed by a word the child in Capernaum, and the sick man at Bethesda; that He fed five thousand men with a few loaves and fishes, and walked on the lake of Galilee; that He gave sight to the blind man in Jerusalem, and raised the dead at Bethany, why did he say these things? There was no necessity for these statements, nor any prospect of doing good by such a series of falsehoods. We only say now that most certainly the writer

himself fully believed in the reality of what he has recorded.

But, though he could not be a deceiver, might he not be deluded, and deliver as facts the fictions formed in the minds of others? We ask, does he write as one who had learnt from the reports of others? or as one who had himself seen and heard what he relates? Here, too, there is no place for doubt.

2. It is quite certain that the writer wished to be regarded as an original witness. There is no acknowledgment of dependence, nor the slightest inclination of it. On the contrary, at the beginning and towards the close of the work, the writer claims for himself the authority of an eye-witness.* "We beheld his glory," "He who has seen has testified." And throughout all the narratives and discourses details are given which no tradition would preserve or produce; which are natural in the testimony of an eye-witness, but in later works could only be the counterfeits of such testimony. Who but an eye-witness or one wishing to be so regarded, would relate that it was near the tenth hour of the day, when Jesus invited to his house the two disciples of John—or state the number, material, and size of the water vessels used at the wedding in Cana—or notice that it was the sixth hour of the day when Jesus sat by the well of Sychar, and that the woman left her pitcher when she went back to the town—or that the loaves given to the multitude were of barley, and that there was much grass in the place—or that the disciples had rowed twenty-five or thirty furlongs when the Lord came to them on the water—or that Jesus spat on the ground, made clay of the spittle, anointed the eyes of the blind man, and said, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam"—or mention that one of his discourses was spoken in the treasury of the Temple, and one in Solomon's porch? Who but an eye witness or one wishing to be so regarded, could give the narrative of Martha and Mary, with the mourning and questioning people who accompanied them to the grave, and describe the manifest sympathy of Jesus, his inward struggle, his tears, the lifting up of his eyes, the expression of praise, the loud voice, the figure coming out of the tomb, with the hands and feet bound and the face covered—or state that at the supper in Bethany, Lazarus sat with the guests, while Martha served, and Mary

* 1. 14; xix. 35.

poured the precious ointment on the feet of the Lord — or that Greeks in the Temple court came to Philip, that he mentioned their request to Andrew, and that these two disciples then spoke to Jesus — or, again, that Jesus, when with the Apostles the night before his death, rose from the supper-table, laid aside his garments, took a towel and girded himself, poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet — or that Peter suggested to another Apostle that a question should be asked, and it was so answered that one knew what the others did not, respecting the traitor — or that Peter began the conversation after supper, and was followed by Thomas, and then by Philip, and then by Judas, not Iscariot — or that in the middle of the conversation there was a change of attitude, Jesus bidding them all to arise? Who but an eye-witness, or one wishing to be so regarded, would relate that Peter drew his sword, and cut off the right ear of Malchus, the High Priest's servant — that Peter and another disciple followed Jesus into the palace court, that the other disciple went in with Jesus, while Peter stood without, that the other disciples spoke to the portress and brought in Peter? The mention of these particulars is natural, if the writer was this disciple, but not otherwise. Subsequently, we have the running of two disciples to the empty tomb, the arrival first of the disciple whom Jesus loved, the bending down, the sight of the linen clothes and the handkerchief, the entry of Peter, and then of the other disciple, with the confession of his want of faith. The evidence of these details, and many more might be given, is cumulative. A few instances might be set aside; but the collective proof is to most minds conclusive. No traditions would preserve such particulars, and no mythical tendencies would produce them. They are either most skillful artistic counterfeits of reality, or the simple marks of the testimony of one who was present at the scenes described, and wrote what he himself remembered. Such statements, often repeated for the instruction of others, would be well preserved in the writer's mind; and so the remembrances of youth would be retained, with their original freshness, even to old age.

3. Many of the statements noticed only show that the testimony is professedly that of an eye-witness, a disciple of Jesus; but many show also that this disciple was an Apostle. Nothing is recorded but what one of the apostles might have seen and heard;

but there is much of which they were the only witnesses. There is no sign anywhere of the ignorance and uncertainty of one who used the testimonies of others; but the author invariably writes as one who had himself the highest authority. The narratives are not only clear and consistent in detail, but for religious instruction they are complete. The conversations and discourses not only contain minute particulars, such as one present would notice and record; but they are all appropriate to speakers and occasions; and they are thus given when only Apostles were present. Who but an Apostle could relate the incidents and conversations of the Last Supper? Here it is quite clear that the writer wished to be regarded as one of those who saw and heard what is related. If we are certain of his truthfulness, we may be equally certain that he was one of the Twelve Apostles.

4. There are indications in the work that the writer was John, the son of Zebedee and Salome, the brother of James. The proof of this identity is contained in seven passages of a similar kind, which refer to a disciple, without mentioning his name. The most important of these follows the account of the death of Jesus (xix. 35). "He who has seen has testified, and his testimony is true; and he knows that he declares what is true, that you may have faith." The testimony is that of the spectator, "he who has seen," but the purpose must be that of the writer, for it respects the readers of the Gospel. Only if the writer was himself the witness, could the consciousness of the truthfulness of the witness, be added to the assertion of the truth of his testimony, "he knows that he declares what is true." And only if the writer and the witness are the same, could it be said that the object of the witness, was "that you may have faith." Moreover, if the writer were not himself this witness, he would surely say something of one to whose testimony he so emphatically refers. The witness and the writer are professedly identical; and if the truthfulness of the writer be considered, and the purpose here attributed to the witness be compared with the writer's subsequent statement respecting the purpose of the whole book, it will appear quite certain that the writer was himself the witness whose testimony is given.* Of this witness something more may be learnt from preceding statements. The disciple whom Jesus loved stood by the cross with Mary,

the mother of the Lord, and she was committed to his care. He is the only disciple mentioned, beside the women; and therefore the only one to whom, according to the narrative, the testimony concerning the death of Jesus could be referred. The name of the disciple whom Jesus loved, to whose care Mary was entrusted, could not be unknown, and would surely be given, if the writer and this disciple were not the same person. In three other passages mention is made of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and in all there is the same proof that the writer refers to himself, accepting the description given to him by his brethren. The name could not be omitted from ignorance, and the use of a description instead of a proper name when the names of the other Apostles are given, would be unnatural and unaccountable, if the writer were not himself the disciple whom Jesus loved. He to whom Peter spoke in the Last Supper, who ran with Peter to the tomb, and who was the first to recognize the Lord, when again with Peter in the boat, could not be an unknown disciple. The description and the association point only to St. John.* This is admitted by adverse critics. One of the most learned says: "It is plain that the author meant his work to be taken for the Apostle's. It was composed in a way to convey the impression that it proceeded from an Apostle especially beloved by the Master, and admitted to his secret thoughts." Then we say, it is what it professes to be. Such indications of an assumed personality are unparalleled. One so truthful as this writer, so full of faith and reverence, could not falsely pretend to be an eye-witness, and to be the Apostle John. It is quite impossible. The last two verses of the book do not appear to have been written by the Evangelist. They give, with a change of number and person, the testimony of a contemporary who deemed it enough to say that the writer of the Gospel was the beloved disciple, and that his testimony was true.

II.

Does the character of the work agree

* xlii. 24; xx. 2; xxi. 7. The association is the same in the other two passages, and the absence of the description is easily explained. The companion of Andrew is not separately referred to, and the companion of Peter, when they went together to the palace, is appropriately described as an acquaintance of the High Priest (i. 41; xviii. 16). Additional confirmation may be found in the absence of the distinguishing title, the Baptist, when the prophet John is mentioned — in the description of Salome, his mother, as the sister of Mary — and in the position of the sons of Zebedee, after the other Apostles (xix. 26; xxi. 2).

with the profession of the writer, that he was an Apostle?

1. The representation which it gives of the person of our Lord is some proof of this. Though quite consistent with the picture drawn by the other Evangelists, it is different. The incidents added to the life of Christ, by the apocryphal Gospels are plainly human inventions; and the views they offer of his character only obscure and disfigure it. But wherein this Gospel differs from the writings of the other Evangelists, it is only by the more intimate and complete knowledge which it shows. The writer says that he beheld the glory of Christ,* and his work manifests this; for the portrait could be drawn only by one who beheld the Divine original. Think of his sympathy with family joys at the wedding feast, and with family sorrows at the funeral of a friend; of his compassion in removing sickness, and supplying food; and of his exercise of miraculous power only as a means for promoting that faith which releases from sin, and gives new life to the soul. Remember his primary regard for Jews, and his equal love of Gentiles, — his human weakness and tenderness, sitting wearied at the well, weeping with the mourners, troubled by the wickedness of a disciple; and then his Divine dignity, when meekly remonstrating with an enraged people, and calmly reproving unjust judges. Consider his diligence in active service, his prudence in avoiding needless danger, his readiness to suffer when the time came, his constant acknowledgment of dependence on the Father who sent Him, whose work He did, whose glory He sought, to whose will He submitted; and then the declaration of his authority over all mankind, to teach, to govern, and to save. Observe his solitariness, as separate from sinners, above the comprehension and sympathy of his disciples, alone in a world of darkness, and disorder, and wrong; and then his confidence that the light which came from Him would enlighten the world; that his disciples, in the strength imparted by Him, would overcome the world; that they would all be raised by Him to the glory of the sons of God; that his self-sacrificing love would draw all hearts to Him in willing subjection; that by purity and patience He should accomplish the Father's purpose, being the Lamb of God, to take away the sins of the world. Could the portrait, of which this is a feeble outline, be given by any but an Apostle? It is the only sup-

* i. 14. .

plement to the other Gospels which does not dishonour Christ. It alone declares more fully the glory of the Lord.

2. The special aim of this Gospel is a further proof of its apostolic origin. The general design is declared at the close of the twentieth chapter; and this is the same for all the Gospels. The peculiarity of this book is, that it is evidently intended to produce that form of Christian faith which must first have been received by an Apostle, and which in Christians of after times may be generally attributed, more or less, to the influence of this book. A loving trust in the person of Jesus Christ is the characteristic of the writer, and the promotion of this faith appears to be his constant aim. All that is recorded serves to declare and illustrate the character of the Son of God, as coming from the Father to draw men to Himself by love and goodness. Evidently, the writer of this book had a strong personal affection for Jesus Christ; and so had the other Apostles, with one exception. Whatever their deficiencies and faults, they loved and trusted Him; not his words, nor his works, so much as Himself. The other Evangelists relate discourses which refer to details of duty, and the diversities of men's condition; but, according to this Evangelist, the knowledge of Christ comprehends the principles of all duty, and is sufficient for all classes. Faith in Him renders other motives to right conduct of less importance. They are the lower teaching which others can give who are not Apostles. The holy love of the Saviour of the world is here shown, as only an Apostle could declare it—a love, Divine and human, sympathizing with human joys and sorrows, but ever seeking to remove sin; patiently enduring the opposition of men, in the assurance of an appointed service, according to the will and for the glory of the Father. The other Gospels give more fully the earthly life of our Lord; here the results of this knowledge are declared as the consequences of the past and the effects of the present life of Him who is ever the same, exalted above the heavens, but present by his Spirit, the power of an endless life, in the hearts of all who know and love Him.

3. The peculiar relation of the fourth Gospel to the other three is additional evidence of its authenticity. That it came after the others is universally allowed; but that it belongs to the age of the Apostles appears from the similarity of its style, statements, and spirit. Where the events related in the other Gospels are re-

ferred to, there is perfect agreement, but entire independence. The differences which are manifest in every part show that the writer never copied from the other evangelists, and never cared for consistency with them. But in these differences there are no contradictions. They have been often asserted, but never proved. Inferences from the various accounts are contrary, and this is all. But that *plausible inferences from partial evidence* should be disproved by further evidence is the common experience of every day; it is so in all judicial, scientific, and historical investigations. That St. John should give his testimony, independently of the other Evangelists, is what might be expected of him; but that any Christian writer of a later age should compose a work merely from fancy or tradition, sometimes relating the same and sometimes different things, and that the accounts should fit into one another so that there should be no real inconsistency, but perfect harmony—this is a supposition on every account unreasonable. The agreement of narratives that are independent, but complementary, is among the surest proofs of genuineness. Even more conclusive is the evidence afforded by the consistency of independent delineations of character, when that character is absolutely unique. No accident or skill could produce the formal difference and essential agreement which we see when the representation of Jesus Christ here given is compared with that of the other Gospels. There is the same combination of the natural and supernatural, the national and the universal, the human and the Divine.

4. That this work was not written, as some suppose, in the middle of the second century, appears from the entire absence of all marks of that time. Can it be supposed that the writer carefully abstained from using the terms and alluding to the opinions of his own age—that he removed himself altogether from its influence, so that there should be no sign of the thoughts and practices of men around him? No truthful person would aim at this, and the most skilful would fail. Every literary production, treating of matters of great present personal interest, is sure to betray itself, if not genuine, by manifesting the spirit of its age, by supporting or opposing, directly or indirectly, the views and sentiments of the time. There is an immense difference between the books of the New Testament and all the Christian literature of the next century. Now the Gospel of St. John has all

the characteristics of the one class and none of the other. The second century was distinguished from the first by metaphysical discussions respecting the nature of Christ, by the unsettled claims of church officers, and by the peculiar efficacy attributed to the sacraments. Of these controversies there is in this Gospel no sign. The many strange speculations of the second century respecting the mysteries of the Divine Nature are not referred to in any way. The teaching of this Gospel is evidently prior to the heresies which then arose, and to the forms of expression then adopted by many orthodox writers. The reading in the epistle, "The Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit," is shown to belong to a later age by the use of unscriptural correlatives. And so the reading in the introduction of the Gospel, "The only begotten God," is manifestly the phraseology of the Fathers. Nothing like it is to be found in the writings of St. John, or anywhere in the New Testament or the Old.*

The organization of the Church, and the authority of its officers, were in the second century subjects of much interest, and became in the following the occasions of much controversy. Here they are not referred to. The Apostles are described as *witnesses* for Christ; this was their glory; and it is said that the results of their ministry, when they received the Spirit of Christ, would be like his—the sins of some being *removed*, and the sins of others *retained*. This is all that is said of Church government.†

As little reference is made to the sacraments. Neither the institution of Christian baptism nor of the Communion service is noticed. There are two figurative passages often appealed to as showing the peculiar nature and necessity of these rites; but the proof depends entirely on the incongruous interpretation of metaphors. The statements of the third and sixth chapters, whatever their sense, certainly are not such as a writer of the second century would introduce,—not if he wished to support the doctrines of spiritual birth by the water of baptism, and of spiritual sustenance by the bread of priestly consecration; nor if he wished to oppose these opinions‡

Lastly, there are none of the mistakes respecting places, seasons and persons, which might be expected in a writer of the second century. They who invent tales

of other countries and times avoid difficult and dangerous details, or they are sure to be exposed by the inconsistencies and inaccuracies which always mark traditionary legends and literary impostures. The hostile criticisms to which this Gospel has been subjected, make more manifest its truth.

That any writer of the second century should be able to give, with perfect accuracy, a large number of particulars respecting a former age, a different people and country, is one improbability. Then that he should avoid all indications of his own age is another improbability. That, being a truthful Christian, he should wish to conceal his distance from the events related, and to represent himself as an eyewitness, even the Apostle John, is another separate improbability. That he should give a view of the person of Christ, surpassing in human tenderness and Divine dignity that of the other Evangelists, and more conducive to Christian comfort and improvement than any other book, this is another improbability. That it should differ so much from the other Gospels, and agree so well, is another. But all these combined improbabilities must be accepted, if we take this Gospel to be the composition, honest or dishonest, of any Christian of the second century, or of any one but the Apostle. To all these two further improbabilities must be added—that the writer of such a work should be always in what is called miraculous concealment; and that within thirty or forty years of its composition, it should be received by Christians of distant countries and conflicting parties as of apostolical authority, a work the genuineness of which was above controversy.

The evidences to which we have primarily referred, the profession of the writer, and the confirmations found in his work, are evidences which all readers can understand and feel. We may therefore consider the common belief of Christians, in all subsequent ages, as resting mainly on this foundation, and declaring its sufficiency. Few could know anything of ancient testimonies; and works supported only by early traditions were soon neglected. The faith that rests merely on tradition can only have the value of the primary authorities, and becomes feebler with the lapse of time. But that which rests on the moral character of a writer and his work becomes firmer the longer it lasts, every generation setting its seal to the judgment of those which preceded. We do not believe merely because of what we see, nor

* 1 Ep. v. 7; i. 18.
‡ iii. 6; vi. 63, 68.

† xv. 27; xx. 23.

merely because of what others have said, respecting the book and its author; but we believe because evidence which seems satisfactory to our own minds, has produced the same conviction in the minds of nearly all Christian men, of every age and country.

What, then, are the adverse reasons which modern criticism has discovered? The most plausible objections are drawn from the contents of the book; but these appear to rest on gratuitous assumptions.

1. It is said that the view given of the public ministry of our Lord differs in time, and place, and character from the statements of the other Evangelists. But there is nothing to show that it was the writer's purpose to relate the public ministry of Christ. This is occasionally referred to, but only in brief general statements. Respecting its *duration*, the other Evangelists notice one spring in this period, and one Passover is noticed here,* so that, according to all, there were two years, and no more is declared. Of the *places* mentioned, they refer chiefly to Galilee and Peræa, because the public ministry which they relate was in those provinces; but they show that the ministry of Christ did not begin in Galilee, and that He often taught in Jerusalem.† St. John refers chiefly to Jerusalem, because the opposition to Jesus which he describes began and prevailed there; but he shows that the ministry in Galilee attracted most notice.‡ As different subjects are narrated, different localities are mentioned. Of the *popular discourses* of our Lord, the other Gospels supply many examples, but in this Gospel not one is recorded. St. John relates conversations with inquirers, and adversaries, and with the Apostles; but only a few sentences addressed to the people in general. The words, therefore, differ in subject and style, from the popular discourses of the other Gospels; but the teaching is always consistent, and the controversies in all are similar. The early assumption of the office of Messiah is said to be peculiar to this Gospel, but it is clearly shown in all. The testimony of the prophet John, the sermon at Nazareth, and the sermon on the mount, are obviously Messianic in the highest sense. All the works of Jesus were to show that He was the Christ, and in this character He spoke from the first; what was avoided and forbidden being the merely verbal statements, which would be useless and injurious.

The view given by St. John of the person and character of our Lord is also said to be inconsistent with that given by the other Evangelists. That there is difference is obvious, but it is only such as would naturally result from differences in the position and purpose of the writers. The Christ of the synoptical gospels is as lofty in his assertion of Divine authority, as wide in his claims to the love and trust and obedience of the world, and as severe in his denunciations of falsehood and wrong, as the Christ of St. John. And the Christ of St. John is as perfectly human, as humble in acknowledging dependence on the Father, as gentle in his conduct to all, as the Christ of the other Gospels. The moral character is exactly the same—the same supreme regard to the honour of the Father, the same sympathizing love for all men, the same lowliness and dignity, the same prudence and fearlessness, the same devotedness to truth and the moral welfare of mankind.

2. Besides these general alleged dissimilarities, it is said that there are statements in this Gospel directly contrary to those of the other evangelists, showing that in one or the other we must have erroneous traditions. The most important of these are chronological, respecting the time of the purification of the Temple, of the Last Supper of our Lord, and of Pilate's sentence. St. John relates a purification of the Temple at the commencement of the ministry of Christ, and the other Evangelists relate a similar even at the close.* That the profanation of the Temple, allowed by the priests for the sake of private gain, should be reprovèd at the beginning, is surely what might be expected; and that the people should support even a stranger in practical protest against such a wrong, is not at all improbable. Then that the abuse, ceasing for a while, should be renewed, is very likely; and that the correction should be repeated is equally probable. The first event is not mentioned by the other evangelists, for they say nothing of the period in which it occurred; and the second is not mentioned by St. John, for he says little of the last public ministry in Jerusalem, and for his purpose the first was sufficient. The differences in detail, and in connection, show that two different events are related. The supposed contradiction results from a supposed identity, of which there is no proof.

Of the time of the Last Supper it may

* Matt xii. 1; John vi. 4.

† Matt. iv. 12; xxiii. 37.

‡ vi. 2; vii. 41.

* John ii. 14; Matt. xxi. 12.

be said, that the alleged discrepancy arises from taking one meaning of ambiguous terms, *πάσχα* and *πάσχαενή* when another is equally supported by usage, and better suits the connection. The other evangelists state that the first meal of the Passover festival preceded the Crucifixion, and St. John is supposed to state that it followed. Now St. John states that before the Passover—before the Supper with which the festival began—Jesus gave some peculiar manifestation of his love to the Apostles; and He did this by washing their feet.* After the Supper, He was thought to give direction respecting some other meals and sacrifices of the festival.† The priests who went to Pilate, wishing to share in such services, would not defile themselves by entering the residence of a Gentile.‡ In the New Testament, besides this passage, the expression, “to eat the Passover,” occurs only in reference to one event—the Last Supper of our Lord. They who ate the lamb on the evening of the first day of the festival were said to eat the Passover. But so it might be said of those who afterwards shared also in the other sacrificial meals of the festival. In the Old Testament other sacrificial meals are called the Passover, and to eat of these is said to be to eat the festival.§ On the preparation day which belonged to the festival—the day before the Sabbath—Jesus was condemned and crucified.|| The testimony of St. John agrees exactly with that of the other Evangelists; for he does not say, as is usually supposed, that the Supper was before the festival, but that the manifestation of the love of Christ was before the festival; and He washed the disciples’ feet before the evening meal with which the festival began. His direction was supposed to be for the next morning. In the same day, not in the following, the priests wished to share in the sacrifices of the festival. In the festival, and not before it|| Barabbas was released, and Jesus condemned.**

The other supposed discrepancy is in the time of the Crucifixion. This is stated by St. Mark to have been in the third hour of the day, and the other Evangelists, by their reference to the sixth hour, confirm this statement. Of the time of the Crucifixion St. John says nothing, but he speaks

of the time of Pilate’s sentence. Before describing the close of the judicial proceedings, he notices that the day was the preparation day, and the hour as the sixth—not the sixth, or near to this, but like it, taken for it. The sixth hour was the usual time for closing the courts, and the third the usual time for opening them. But the trial began at dawn—three hours before the usual time—and this was that it might end earlier, because of the coming Sabbath. The dawn had been taken as the third hour, and therefore the third hour was as the sixth; and sentence was pronounced. The narrative of St. John shows that the Crucifixion was in the early part of the day, and proves that he did not put the sentence so late as the middle of the day.*

3. Other ambiguities have given rise to other apparent contradictions. To *know* a person may denote a general acquaintance, or some particular knowledge. Of the statement of the prophet John,† “I knew Him not,” be taken in the former sense, it is contrary to the sense of St. Matthew;‡ but if in the latter, it is quite consistent. The prophet had given this testimony, “Behold the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sin of the world.” Of the design and source of *this* knowledge he speaks when he says, “I had not known Him, but that He might be manifest to Israel;” and again, “I had not known Him, but He who sent me to baptize with water, He told me.”

In some connection *πατρίς* denote one’s native country, but in others the town of one’s family. The difficulty of the statement that Jesus went into Galilee, because a prophet has no honour in his own country, is removed by a more correct translation. Jesus went into the country of Galilee, because a prophet has no honour in the town of his family.§

In some connections *πρό* refers to time, but in others to place, in *front of*, suggesting opposition. The difficulty of the statement, that all who preceded Jesus were thieves and robbers, is removed by the local interpretation which the connection requires. Jesus said, “I am the door for the sheep”—the door of the fold. “They who came in front of me”—the door, stopping the way of the sheep—“they are thieves and robbers”—even as they who did not enter by the door.||

So *ἐπερτα* may mean either *goes* or *comes*,

* xiii. 1. † xiii. 29. ‡ xviii. 28.

§ Deut. xvi. 2; 2 Chron. xxxv. 7-9; xxx. 22.

|| xix. 14; Mark xv. 42.

¶ John xviii. 53.

** For a further statement of evidence on this subject, I may be allowed to refer to a note to the Gospel of St. Mark, where the date of the Last Supper is discussed (p. 167).

* Mark xv. 25; John xix. 14. Malmtonides, quoted by Lightfoot on St. Mark; Horst Sat. i. 3, 35; Mart. Epig. iv. 8; Sneton. Claud. 34; Joseph. Vit. 64. † i. 31. ‡ iii. 14. § iv. 44. || x. 1, 8.

referring to the place where motion begins, or where it ends. If Mary Magdalene were said to *come* to the sepulchre when it was still dark, the statement would be contrary to that of another Evangelist; but not if she is said to *go* there. It was dark when she left her house at a distance; but the brief twilight passed, and the sun had risen, when, with her companions, she arrived at the sepulchre.*

The way in which the writer of this Gospel refers to the Jews has been urged as a strong objection to apostolic authorship. But that the writer was a Jew by education is certain from the style, the references to the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and the entire character of the work. This difficulty, too, results from keeping to one signification of an ambiguous term. The designation of a part of the Jewish people, *'Ioudaioi*, was extended to the whole; but it continued to be used in the narrower as well as in the wider sense. When national affairs are referred to, the wider meaning must be taken; but when some of the people are distinguished from others, or the rulers are referred to, the narrower sense is given. The Passover was that of the Jews; but a Judæan disputed with the disciples of John. Jesus withdrew from Judæa, because the Judæans sought to kill him.† St. John was a Galilean, and the way in which he refers to a portion of the people as *'Ioudaioi*, exactly agrees with his position as *Γαλιλαῖος*. It would be unnatural for a Jew to use a term exclusively national, as St. John uses the term *'Ioudaioi*.

But it is quite natural that a Galilean should refer, as he does to the Judæans.‡

These are the principal objections drawn from the work itself to show that it was not written by an Apostle. If all the ex-

planations offered should not be deemed satisfactory, they at least show the uncertain nature of such arguments. Compared with the proof of genuineness which the Gospel itself gives, they are of small worth.

Of the internal evidences one more remains to be briefly noticed. That the Gospel was written by St. John appears from its accordance with other writings declared to be his. The Epistles also are without his name; but the first professes to be written by one who had seen, heard, and touched Jesus Christ.* All agree with this Gospel in a very peculiar style. The words and thoughts are similar; the form of instruction, by development, contrast, and partial repetition, is the same; the doctrine is the same; and there is the same spirit of gentleness, purity, and love.

That the style of the Apocalypse differs much from that of the Gospel must be admitted; but this may be fully accounted for by the difference in the time and character of the two works. There was probably a distance of more than twenty years in the time of their composition, during which the writer was always using the Greek language. The first work is a poetical description of a series of visions, like the poems of the Hebrew prophets, copying their phraseology; the second is a simple relation of events and discourses, with a few reflections. In works so far removed in time, and so different in subject and form, no dissimilarity of style would prove diversity of authorship. The alleged difference in spirit and doctrine rests on the literal interpretation of figurative passages. The Apocalypse presents no objection to the authorship of this Gospel; while the Epistles confirm the conclusion, that both the Gospel and the Epistles were written by St. John.

* St. John xx. 1; St. Mark xvi. 2.

† iii. 25; vii. 1; xi. 8.

‡ The absence of any account of the raising of Lazarus in the other Gospels would be inexplicable, if St. John had represented this event as the sole or principal cause of the opposition of the Judæan rulers to Jesus, and of the support of the people when he came publicly to Jerusalem. But he does not say this. He has before mentioned repeatedly the hostility of the rulers, showing that from the beginning they sought the death of Jesus, and that they had been hindered by the people. The effect on the Sanhedrim of the resurrection of Lazarus was simply to hasten the execution of long-cherished designs, still kept secret. And this is naturally noticed by the Evangelist who relates the event, though it had no great importance, and is unnoticed by the others. So the same event is referred to as one of the reasons of the conduct of the people of Jerusalem, but not as the only one; and with it the Galileans would be less concerned. Only three instances of restored life are recorded in the Gospels—one by the first three Evangelists, one by

St. Luke alone, and one by St. John. There seem to have been exceptional miracles, for people were not encouraged to seek the renewal of life as the removal of sickness. Such works had no special value as evidences, and their repetition was not to be expected. Publicity was therefore less desirable, and it was not promoted when it could not be prevented. St. Matthew and St. Mark do not at all refer to the period in which Lazarus was raised; and this may account for their silence respecting the fact. St. Luke refers to this time, and could hardly be entirely unacquainted with such an event; but having already related two similar miracles, there was the less need of his referring to this. The Evangelists do not relate all they knew. The omission of this narrative may also have been for the sake of Lazarus: not merely lest he should be persecuted by enemies, but also that he might not suffer from the oppressive and unprofitable curiosity of friends and strangers. St. John states that the priests sought to put him to death. The other Gospels were probably written during the life of Lazarus, and this after his removal. • i. 1.

III.

From the book itself we now turn to ancient testimonies. If we had only the internal evidence this would be sufficient; but the external is equally satisfactory. In estimating this, it must be remembered that there are no works giving any comprehensive view of Christian literature till the latter part of the second century, much having perished. Moreover, both before and after this time, books were not used as they are by us; partly from the absence of literary culture, and partly, it may be, from the primary diffusion of Christianity by oral instruction. The works of Irenæus are the earliest writings of such a kind, that the want in them of references to the Gospel would be real adverse evidence. But his statements, and those of many contemporaries, show that the Gospel of St. John was one of the Four Gospels then universally received with exceptions quite insignificant. Irenæus was born in the early part of the second century; he was a disciple of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, and from A.D. 177 he was Bishop of Lyons. He refers to his intercourse with many who saw the Apostle and says: "Not long ago was he seen, but almost in our age, at the end of the reign of Domitian" (A.D. 96).^{*} After mentioning Matthew, Mark, and Luke, he adds: "Afterwards John, the disciple of the Lord, who also leaned on his breast; he likewise published a Gospel while he dwelt at Ephesus, in Asia" (Adv. Hæres. iii. 1). Again he says: "So firm is the ground on which these Gospels rest, that the very heretics themselves bear witness to them—those, moreover, who follow Valentius making copious use of that according to St. John" (iii. 11). Irenæus was not infallible, and he received traditions which were not true; but there is no reason for distrusting this testimony. Knowing, as he did, the associates of the Apostles, he could not, if this Gospel had been unknown to them, have received it without hesitation as the writing of St. John. This was a matter of fact, concerning which the associates of the Apostle could not be mistaken; and the authorship of the Gospel cannot be doubtful, because traditions re-

specting its design, and respecting the meaning of our Lord's figurative instruction, and other matters of opinion, are manifestly erroneous. Moreover, it is impossible that he could be mistaken in testifying to the general reception of the four Gospels, and his statements, if not true, would be useless falsehoods. He does not seek to prove that there were four Gospels by his analogies, but thus to account for facts that could not be questioned. His testimony to the Gospel of St. John is confirmed by contemporary writings: the Epistle of the Churches of Vienne and Lyons, the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies, the works of Tatian and Theophilus, of Clemens Alexandrinus and Tertullian. These testimonies are undisputed. A harmony of the four Gospels was written by Tatian, and a similar work by Theophilus; and a commentary on St. John's Gospel, often quoted by Origen, was composed by Heracleon about the same time. These works are sure proofs of its existence and reception long before, since harmonies and commentaries are only for works ancient and acknowledged. The Muratori fragment of the New Testament canon contains this Gospel, and its testimony is not affected by accompanying errors; and it was in the Italic and Syriac versions of the second century. Clemens Alexandrinus and Tertullian, as well as Irenæus, declare that there were in their time the four Gospels which we have, and no others of any repute; and so Eusebius places this with the other Gospels as universally acknowledged. They appeal to the uniform testimony of those who preceded, as the source, but not the sole ground, of what they declare to be the present belief of all Christian Churches throughout the world. But it is quite impossible that this Gospel should have been thus received by all Christians in the latter part of the second century, if to the aged men of their day, the contemporaries of the Apostle, it had been an unknown work, or one attributed to any other author.

The references to the Gospel of St. John in earlier works are merely subsidiary evidence, though often treated as the principal proofs. If so regarded, their number and character, however occasioned, would make their evidence incomplete; but taken simply as confirmatory proofs, they are quite sufficient. The earlier publication of the other Gospels, and their more comprehensive character, would naturally lead to references to them, rather than to a later work of a less popular na-

^{*} Irenæus adv. Hæres. v. 30; Euseb. Hist. Ecc. v. 8. *ὁ δὲ γὰρ πρὸ πολλοῦ χρόνου ἑώρακεν.* At the beginning of the chapter mention is made of those who had seen John: the Apostle is himself the subject of the preceding and following sentences; and the time when *he was seen* is the only point of importance, not the time when the Apocalypse was seen. The supposition that the latter is the subject to be supplied is the chief support of the later date of the Apocalypse.

ure. It is satisfactory to know that Justin Martyr, in the middle of the second century, refers to two or three passages of this Gospel in his appeals to the writings of the Apostles and their companions; and that before him, according to Hippolytus, Valentinus quoted from it; and Basilides, in the early part of the second century.* The criticism of these references has not shaken their evidence; but if it had made this at all doubtful, it would not in the least make doubtful the existence of the Gospel, and its acknowledgment by Christian Churches from the beginning. We have the testimonies of Christian writers, bishops, presbyters, and philosophers, from distant countries and conflicting parties, showing the almost universal acknowledgment of the Gospel of St. John by those who lived with the associates of the Apostle; and there is no evidence of any other authorship.

External evidence against the genuineness of this Gospel is entirely negative. A few persons in the second century rejected it, as they did other canonical books, assigning it to Cerinthus; but no one attributes any value to this heretical conjecture. All that can be objected to this Gospel is, that there are some early writers who do not give any testimony to it. But this is not adverse evidence, unless it be evident that, if the work were known, it would certainly be referred to. Now it never has been shown that references to the Gospel of St. John would be, not only appropriate in our judgment, but more suitable in the judgment of the writers, for their purpose, than the statements which they give. Merely negative evidence is seldom of much value; and it is of no worth when the documents are few, and the writer's purpose is not known to require the references which are wanting.

There are no references to this book in the Epistles of Clemens Romanus and

Polycarp, nor in the fragments of Papias. But Clemens seldom refers to any of the Gospels, and to none by name. In the short Epistle of Polycarp there is a reference to the 1 Epistle of John; and there is no apparent occasion for referring to the Gospel. The writings of Papias are known only from extracts preserved by Eusebius. He gives, of things learnt by Papias from the presbyter John, some statements respecting St. Mark and St. Matthew. From the silence of Papias in this extract, it may be inferred that he had not *thus* learnt anything respecting the Gospel of St. John; but not that he nowhere referred to it, still less that he was unacquainted with it. The mention by Eusebius that Papias used testimonies from the 1 Epistle of John and the 1 Epistle of Peter is explained by the need of confirmation for these writings, which the Gospel of St. John did not require.* A precisely similar statement is made by him respecting Irenæus, and certainly he was not unacquainted with this Gospel.† The Epistles of Ignatius have been so much interpolated, that their references are of little argumentative value; and the works of the Barnabas and Hermas of the second century are too late, and too peculiar in their character, to make their neglect of this Gospel of any significance. No one knows who Barnabas was, or who were the few persons to whom he wrote. He sought to keep them from Judaism, and has many references to the Old Testament, some very unwise. He has one quotation from the Gospel of St. Matthew, but none from the Epistle to the Galatians, though this would be most relevant, and could not have been unknown. In the visions and similitudes of Hermas there are no quotations from the Old Testament or from the New. If the silence of a few writers could not be accounted for, it would not lessen the value of the testimonies which are given to the genuineness of this Gospel. These are not by contemporaries of the Apostle, but they are by the contemporaries of his associates. They come so near to his time, that, considering their wide extent, their adverse sources, the high importance of apostolical authorship, and the great reverence of the early Christian for the sacred Scripture, their evidence is conclusive; more so than would be the evidence of a few contemporaries whose testimony is wanting. The external evidence agrees

* Just. Apol. i. 61; Dial. c. Try. 88. The quotations given by Hippolytus are unquestionably from the Gospel of St. John. It is possible that he may have been mistaken in their authorship, but there is no reason to suppose this. Of Valentinus he writes: "On account of this, he says, the Saviour declares, 'All who have come before me are thieves and robbers.'" (Ref. vi. 30). And of Basilides he writes: "And this, he says, is that which has been declared in the Gospel, 'There was the true light, which enlightens every man coming into the world.'" (vii. 10). The Christology of Justin is admitted to be different from that of this Gospel, and inferior. Hence it has been inferred that the superior is the later production; but the contrary would be a more just conclusion, the Christian writings of the second century being all inferior to those of the first. Still more extraordinary is the inference that Justin could not have had the book, because his system does not exactly agree with it.

• Euseb. Hist. Eccl. iii. 39. † Ibid. v. 8.

with the internal, and gives to it all needed confirmation.

The contrary conclusions to which learned and upright men have come in recent times respecting the genuineness of this Gospel must at first excite surprise; but it may be explained by the preference which they give to different descriptions of evidence. Some hold signs of truthfulness to be of much value, others of very little. Some attend chiefly to differences and difficulties in the Gospels, and therefore view them as very important; others give them no special regard. An eminent person of our day has shown, by theory and example, how the ablest men may adopt most erroneous opinions. If when the mind has once assented to a proposition, the amount of evidence in its favour is disregarded, and everything adverse is set aside as worthless, unless seen at once to be demonstrative, it naturally follows that the conclusions maintained will be, not according to the whole evidence, but according to that part, whether small or great, to which assent has been first given. They who begin with matters obscure and doubtful, and attend much to these, are likely, through the influence of association, to view with distrust even that which is

plain and certain. The evidence which scholars only can appreciate, though it be slight, is often unduly prized by them, above all the proof which appeals to the conscience, the common sense, and the common experience of mankind. The religious excellence and influence of a work are to some the surest proofs of reality and truth, manifestations of the Divine Spirit; but to others these elements are inappreciable, or seem consistent with any measure of delusion and deception. If the principles which regulate judgment are so different, contrary conclusions are inevitable. While we find everywhere that unexplained difficulties belong to unquestionable truths, and can find nowhere a single spurious production really like the Gospel of St. John in marks of truthfulness and of truth, we need not fear that a book which the Christian Church has for seventeen centuries esteemed as one of its most precious treasures, a pillar of sacred truth, will be now rejected, because it does not meet all the unreasonable demands of an arbitrary and sceptical criticism. It was written for the world, and will abide for ever.

JOHN H. GODWIN.

MERCURY. — A very important paper was last week communicated to the Academy of Sciences, says *Galignani*, by M. Merget, on the diffusion of mercurial vapours. The only researches extant on this subject are those of Faraday, which are nearly half a century old, and which his immense and well-merited fame has hitherto allowed to pass unchallenged. Since then, however, various discoveries have been made, which, had they existed at the time he made his experiments, would have materially modified his results, which may be stated thus: — 1. The phenomenon of the vaporization of mercury is not continuous, and ceases absolutely at a temperature of seven degrees below freezing point. 2. At temperature above this limit the vapours emitted remain quite close to the generating surface, forming a stratum of an inch or two at the ordinary temperature. Now, these statements are in contradiction to the formula expressing the maximum tensions of the emanations of perfect liquids, and also to the ideas now generally admitted with regard to elastic fluids. A gas or vapour is at present considered composed of particles that move in every direction with average velocities depending on its na-

ture and temperature. Hence, Faraday's experiments appeared to M. Merget of a nature to require reconsideration; and, as the former had employed gold leaf for his test, the latter preferred the saline solutions of the precious metals as much more sensitive. When nitrate of silver or chloride of gold, platinum, palladium, or iridium are applied in solution on sheets of paper, with the addition of hygrometric substances in order to prevent their desiccation, mercurial vapours will reduce the metal according to Richter's laws. If a sheet, therefore, be streaked with a solution of ammoniacal nitrate of silver, the mercurial emanations will be easily revealed. This test being inconvenient for long experiments on account of its sensitiveness to light, it may be replaced by the chlorides of palladium and platinum; and thus it may be easily ascertained that, contrary to Faraday's views, the vaporization of mercury is a continuous phenomenon, which takes place even when the metal is frozen, and that its emanations possess a considerable diffusive power, in accordance with the usual laws of gaseous substances.

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

WHEN we left the church after service, a few moments would be spent in the porch by my mother and this family in mutual inquiries and compliments; and Mr. Smith, glad of the little delay, would linger, often lifting his hat to the ladies, and addressing one or other, but seldom Miss Fanny; if he did, it was always with deference and gravity; but she would answer with an easy smile, and sometimes accost him of her own accord. Once she asked him how he liked tutoring. He replied, "I did not choose it because I liked it."

This was not heard by our mother or Miss Fanny's. Perhaps the careless girl felt that she had made a mistake and a blundering speech, for she looked confused, and answered hurriedly, "Oh, indeed."

It rained that day; and while we waited in the porch till the shower was over, Mr. Smith spoke several times to Miss Fanny. I did not hear what he said, but I saw that when she answered, she wrapped her light summer cloak about her, and in doing so jerked out a little rose and a piece of mignonette that she had worn in her waistband. They fell on the floor, and I saw Mr. Smith look at them. They were close to his feet, and were drooping and faded.

Snap whispered to me, "Pick them up, missy."

So I did, and nobody took any notice of the movements of such a little child. When the car came to take the Squire's family away, we still stayed for the passing off of the shower, and in obedience to another mandate from Snap, I crept close to Mr. Smith, and held up the flowers for his acceptance. He looked down surprised, but he took them; and after that he sat on the stone settle of the porch and placed me on his knee; he also kissed me—a mark of his favour that he did not often bestow. Miss Fanny had kissed me at parting; so this was the second salute I received that morning, and on the same cheek too.

Sometimes Mr. Smith would meet the Squire (I prefer to write of him thus, and not to set down his name). He was then sure to be asked to dinner; and we learned that he had long been acquainted with the family, and had recently stayed, while shooting on a Scotch moor, in the same house with the second daughter. Sometimes Mr. Smith would be very much

elated after one of these dinners; and once, as I well remember, he rambled out after his lunch, and quite forgot to come in again and give us an afternoon lesson, so we sat waiting for him till nearly our tea-time; and at last he came lounging in with his dogs and his gun, and seemed surprised to see us, exclaiming with a laugh, "I declare I quite forgot that I was playing at schoolmaster."

But notwithstanding this occasional forgetfulness, he showed a real genius for instructing children; and, true to his initiatory warning, he never set any double lessons by way of punishment, but, on the contrary, cut short his instructions altogether when he was displeased, and made Snap write copies—an occupation which he detested.

As for me, I had many privileges: my youth, my very small dimensions, my lisping tongue, caused him to consider me in the light of a plaything; and he made exactly the same unfair distinction between us that Mr. Mompesson had done, frequently taking me out with him, and carrying me when I was tired, while Snap was left to amuse himself at home. This he did not find difficult, for my mother's books, in four boxes and three large "crates," had been put into a thatched shed which leant against the cottage on the left; and there through the summer and autumn they remained, taking no damage; and Snap and I used to spend many a happy hour in turning them over, picking up queer pieces of information, reading strange tales and marvellous histories. Sir Walter Scott's romances, Captain Scoresby's works, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which was a very favourite work; the "Faery Queen," numerous bound volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*, Cary's "Dante," the "Religio Medici," and "Robinson Crusoe," were our chief companions at first, but Snap soon left these to me, and got Bacon's "Essays," and a whole stratum of books on geology, which filled his head with all sorts of theories that served him to frighten me with, as ghosts had now grown stale.

The hypothesis of the "central fire" caused me great alarm, especially as Snap declared that it might be expected to break out at any time; as, indeed, it frequently did from the craters of burning mountains, overflowing the great caldron at the top and slipping glibly down, making the green crops and the grass hiss and fizz. An alarming picture this, especially when it was added that a stream of lava,

if of any considerable depth, took from three to eleven years to cool.

Snap never asserted that the lava was likely to break out in our immediate neighbourhood; on the contrary, he said it was improbable that it would, but still it *might*, and then what would become of us! He took great delight in imagining what we should do if it should break out from the top of a high black hill about three miles from us; and every device I suggested as likely to aid us in effecting our escape made him the more positive in asserting that nothing was so unlikely as our being able to get away.

Once when I was deep in thought considering what I could do if the volcanic fire should break out that day or the next, Mr. Smith came by with his dogs and his gun. Snap went on reading, but I asked if I might come with him. He said I might, and told me that he was going to dig out some young rabbits from their burrows, and that I should have them to tame and feed in a hutch that he would make for them.

This delightful genius could not only work with his needle, but had made for us a first-rate wheelbarrow; rigged for us two schooners and a brig; dug for my mother a good-sized duck pond, into which he turned the waters of a tiny spring; and built, drained, and thatched a fine model pigsty with his own manly hands.

Sometimes when my mother saw him at his carpenter's work, she would say, "Really, Mr. Smith, it astonishes me to find you toiling in this way."

"It's the finest thing in the world—nothing like work," he would reply. "'Blessed be the man that invented sleep,' quoth the Irishman; but I say, 'Happy rest the man that invented sawing.' Next to deer-stalking, sawing is the most delightful, back-breaking, arm-aching work going."

But to return. Mr. Smith and I set off on our ramble. The green common was basking in the mild yellow sunshine of a fine autumnal day; every little elevation was covered with heather, gorse, and fox-glove flowers; the young larks hidden under the ferns were chirping softly, the sky was serene, and all the wide-open world seemed drinking the sunshine.

We wandered on, but found no burrows that Mr. Smith thought would answer our purpose. He was very silent, and I, being happy enough on the uncultivated hills, did not care for that, but went on singing by his side, till a large brown dog ran up

a slope towards us, wading and leaping through the bracken, and jumping up against Mr. Smith to be caressed. Some of the Squire's family must be out on the heath, we thought, for this dog belonged to them. We were not left long in doubt, for turning the edge of the hill, we began to go down, and there a few feet below us we saw Miss Fanny sitting. Her bonnet was off, her long flaxen hair was out of curl, and she was smoothing it out and twisting it over combs on either side of her face.

She looked up when we appeared, and Mr. Smith paused a minute; then with a swift step he came down to her, and sat on the bank at her side. Girls wore large bonnets then, and Miss Fanny, when I came running towards her, was just putting on hers. The first greetings were over: Miss Fanny began to pat the dog's head, Mr. Smith to pat his back. Then they talked, but said nothing of interest; and I, growing rather tired of the delay, asked if I might take a run with the dog, and come back to them. The permission being readily given by Mr. Smith, I forthwith ran away, and the dog and I chased one another among the heather and bracken till we were tired; then I found some mushrooms, and filled my bonnet with them by way of a basket. After that some blackberries presented themselves, and I feasted on these before I returned.

The sunshine was very soft and sweet, and the air was still, and we were on an elevated place, so that I could see far and wide over the peaceful solitude.

I came softly back, carrying my bonnet by the strings, and wading breast-high through the bracken, when on a sudden turn I found myself close behind Mr. Smith and Miss Fanny. They had changed their places, and Miss Fanny was sobbing. "What can I do, George?" were the words that I heard. "I really have tried, I have indeed. I—I cannot care for you—oh!" Here a burst of tears.

"Won't you try once more, Fanny?" answered a manly voice, absolutely broken by sobs. "I wouldn't mind stopping here seven years if you could but love me."

Now when I heard this I was so ashamed to think that I should be there to hear their conversation unawares that I have no doubt my face was crimson up to the roots of my hair; but it was not easy to withdraw both silently and swiftly; and, though I did my best, I not only heard her reply that trying was useless, but allude to a promise she had made that she would try, and declare that she had kept it.

"Well, then," was his instant answer, "will you give me one kiss? And I will go, Fanny, and promise never to urge you any more."

I had got away by this time, and I buried myself among the bracken, and sat blushing for five or six minutes; then I got up, ran, whooping to the dog, over the brow of the hill, and came up to them on the other side. There they sat side by side and hand in hand. They were quite calm now; but evidently both had been weeping sorely, and assuredly, from their absolute quietude, the farewell kiss of pity had been frankly given.

Quite out of breath with agitation and with running, I displayed my mushrooms. They both rose at once, as if my return was to terminate their last interview. Miss Fanny went over the hill, and we went down it, returning homewards in absolute silence for more than a mile.

Poor Mr. Smith! my heart bled for him. It seemed so hard that Miss Fanny could not like him, when he was undeniably so charming and so clever, besides being, with the exception of Mr. Mompesson, the handsomest man of his age.

"Would you like some mushrooms for your supper, Mr. Smith?" I ventured to ask in a sympathizing tone, as I carried home my bonnet by the strings; but he was too deep in painful thought to observe that I had spoken, and very shortly, in spite of all my efforts, the sight of his silent misery completely overpowered my childish self-control, and I threw the bonnet on the grass, and burst into a passion of tears, crying as if my heart would break.

"What's the matter with the child?" he exclaimed rather roughly; for I have no doubt my tears irritated him in the then burdened state of his spirits.

I did not dare to tell him what was the matter; indeed, what business had I to know the circumstance that distressed me?

"Are you tired?" he asked more gently.

"No," I whispered.

"Are you hungry?" Here —

He took a biscuit from his pocket, and I pretended to be glad of it, got up, wiped away my tears, and walked humbly by his side till we reached home, and entered my mother's parlour. It was all lighted up with the afternoon sunshine in which the hills and the heather were basking. The tea-things were on the table, and the tea was ready.

"Why, Dolly," said my mother, "you have been crying, — how red your eyes look. I hope you have not been naughty?"

"No," said Mr. Smith, wearily throwing himself into his chair; "the child has been good enough."

"What a lovely afternoon it has been," observed my mother.

"Has it?" he replied, looking out of the window. "Ah. Ay, so it has."

With what a weight of pity does patience in those who are suffering burden the minds of the lookers-on. There sat Mr. Smith calmly and most quietly; he was not yielding to unmanly sullenness, and he was resolutely obliging himself to eat and to drink. Seeing this, I could do neither, for my tears chased one another into my cup, and the bread and butter choked me when I tried to swallow.

In reply to mamma's questions I said that my head ached, and I had a ball in my throat. She said I could lie down on the sofa; and perhaps thinking she might suppose some past ill-behaviour or carelessness caused this crying fit, Mr. Smith said, with a kindness that made me cry still more, "Dolly did her lessons very well to-day; she always does — in fact, I never have a fault to find with her." I dare say mamma thought that this was a little unfair to Snap, who took far more pains with his lessons than I did, and now sat by without receiving any share of commendation.

"I am afraid you spoil my little girl," she said, with a smile, "for I generally observe that whatever she does is right."

"Ah well," said Mr. Smith, with a sigh, "if I have done harm in that way hitherto, I shall do no more. That's all over now."

My mother, who had risen, turned with surprise, on hearing this; and he added, as if careless of our presence, "You always said, you know, Mrs. Graham, that you should not wish me to stay a day longer than I liked."

"No, certainly not," my mother replied; "under the circumstances I should wish you to feel perfectly free."

"Well then," he replied, "I should like to go to-morrow —"

"To go home?" she asked.

"Yes, to be sure," he replied; "I owe it to them, to go home. But the worst of it is — the worst of it is, they will all be delighted, I know."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Snap heard that Mr. Smith meant to leave us, he melted also, and added a chorus of sobs to my tears, while poor Mr. Smith, who perhaps longed for a little

feminine sympathy, and was really fond of my mother, begged her to come out and walk on the grass with him.

They went out, and after some time I stole into my little room, and from its window saw them moving slowly along over the short grass on the hillock behind the mill. The whole sky was flooded with orange, though the sun was below the horizon; the mild evening star shone, and a crescent moon was hanging just over the phantom-like sails, which were going softly round in the early dusk. Wind was rising, and I saw the miller's wife shut her door and begin to blow her fire, for the evening was chill. It gave me a strange sense of restlessness and yearning sympathy to see them pacing so long, where they could only see the movement of the sails, the darkening landscape and driving clouds.

I sobbed myself to sleep that night; but, oh, how indignant Snap and I were when we found the next morning that Mr. Smith had gone away without taking leave of us!

Here I must make a highly unphilosophical reflection, which, however, comes from experience — namely, that what happens to a person once is likely to happen again. It has repeatedly happened to me that people have been withdrawn from me without being able or finding convenient occasion for saying any last words. Now those last words very often set many things right. I have not been able to say, "Though we have often quarrelled, there is no friend whom I care for more." Nor has it been said to me, "I may not have shown it much, but I have, notwithstanding, a very sincere affection for you."

So Mr. Smith went away, and during the following winter my mother was our teacher in the morning, and we ran about over the common during the short winter afternoons.

Those little houses were not comfortable in the winter; we slept in one and breakfasted in the other, so that in all weather we were obliged to be often running in and out. The rain and the melted snow also soaked in at the doors rather freely, and the casements, besides being of a restless, noisy disposition, had a trick of bursting open in high winds.

Yet we were often indescribably happy in those cottages. Their loneliness gave us the sense of having nobody to interfere with our becoming more and more ourselves. The common was so wide that we had plenty of room to spread and grow in. At Christmas there was a deep fall of

snow, and it was not safe to go to church. Our nurse could no longer bear the dullness of her lot and went away, so we were left with only one servant, and we spent some days in moving our mother's books from the place in which they had been kept to a dry place in the mill. As we always chose to carry more at a time than we could properly manage, a good many were dropped about and lost for a few days, from being covered over; but no harm came to them — it was so cold that the snow was perfectly dry.

Sometimes little Amy was carried to the mill to play with Sampson's children, and sometimes Mrs. Sampson came and sat with us. She did not like what she called "the awful way the moon had," and the drifts were so deep that she never let her children stir a step beyond the path between us and the mill.

How it snowed, and how keen the wind was! I remember to this day the disgust with which we heard Sampson advising my mother by no means to let us go out, lest we should be lost.

"Let them dig and sweep out a path for themselves, ma'am," said he; "but if I were you, I would not let them stir a step beyond it."

When it had gone on snowing for eleven days, there was a consultation between the miller and his wife as to whether or not he should go in his cart to market the next day; and I believe he would gladly have stayed at home, but that there was no butcher's meat in either his house or ours, and we were falling short of candles.

There was a ridge about half a mile long, which rose a hundred yards beyond the mill. It was level, and the wind had been so high that the top of it was nearly bared of snow, and the drifts were laid up in the hollow that cut us off from it.

Sampson and a man who came to help him dug a lane in the easiest part of the rise, and got the horse and cart up it. Once on the rise, Sampson could easily get on, for by taking an extremely circuitous path he could keep on high ground till he reached the turnpike road.

We had finished our supper, as I remember, that night, and had been allowed to sit up till ten o'clock, because our little bedrooms were so cold; when just as the candle burnt down into the socket, mamma told us to read a chapter in the Bible to her before we went to bed.

"And, I suppose, we must begin to burn the last candle," she observed.

So Snap was sent to ask for it (for I

need not say we had no bells), and he presently came back with rather a blank face.

"We're not to have it," he exclaimed; "Mrs. Sampson has come for it."

Sarah, our maid, followed him, trembling.

"Sampson is not come home, ma'am," she cried; "and, oh, if you please, will you come to Mrs. Sampson, for she thinks he is lost in the snow."

Mrs. Sampson was close behind her, standing with a dull, white face; her hands were hanging at her side, and she said slowly, and with a sort of passionless indifference—

"Yes, that's just what I do think. He's lost in the snow, and by this time he's froze."

My mother had started up, and taken hold of her.

"Where have you been?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sarah, the poor thing is dreadfully cold."

"I've been sitting up a-top of the mill," she replied. "I want your other candle to show a light to him. But he won't come; he's froze."

Sampson's great white cat, that lived in the mill, had accompanied her, and was mewing uneasily, and rubbing herself against my mother's gown.

"She knows as well as I do, poor beast," said Mrs. Sampson; and certainly the dumb creature showed every sign of distress. "But I must go back and snuff the candle," she continued; "I left it burning, and there is but an inch of it left."

"Do," said my mother, "come to the mill, and I will come with you. It is late certainly for him to be away, but you must not be downhearted."

"Oh, no," she replied, looking drearily about her. "I am not down-hearted. Why should I be?"

Sarah and my mother glanced at one another, but neither could suggest the doing of anything more. They got Mrs. Sampson to drink some wine made hot in a little saucepan, then a log was put on the fire, and as it could not be expected of us that we should go to bed, we had leave to sit by it, and they left us—my mother to sit with the poor wife, and Sarah to make herself useful in case Sampson appeared. We sat by that fire a long time. Our mother did not appear, so at last we crept up-stairs to my little bedroom, and looked out. There was the light burning in the upper window of the mill; there was the wide expanse of snow, with the great white moon hanging over it; and

beyond, on the ridge, there were the owls flitting about mousing and hooting. I never liked the owl's call—it is but two notes of music tied together with a moan.

We listened. No sound of wheels, no sign of our mother's return. Our cuckoo-clock struck eleven, and with one accord we put on our out-of-door clothing, and resolved to run across to the mill, and beg her to let us stay with her there.

Running briskly along the path, we got to the mill-door and opened it, letting in a broad ray of moonlight, which showed us the mice running about, but we heard no voices above. We thought our mother must be gone to the cottage.

Of course whatever my brother did, I did. He shut the door, and said he should get up by Sampson's path on to the ridge. I followed, and we both fell into a drift almost directly, and were up to our necks without much chance of getting out again. There was snow in our nostrils, and our sleeves and hats had snow in them; but I cannot say I was afraid, because we were so close to the mill. Still, I did think it a pity Snap would insist on floundering up the path, instead of trying to get back again; but I followed, and in less time than could have been hoped we came to a place where the drift had been carefully shovelled away and beaten down, and got on the ridge, which was nearly bared by the wind. It was so thinly covered with snow that the tops of the grass peered through. It was also printed with the feet of rabbits, not a few of whom were dancing about on it seeking a scanty meal, while an owl here and there might be seen skimming about, looking after the young ones.

I cannot describe the excitement that took possession of our minds at that moment. There we were out in the snow in the middle of the night, on the ridge that we had so long desired to reach. Nobody knew of our absence. The tall white mill with its lanky skeleton sails, looked clear and large in the intense moonlight; the clean white ridge was before us; the heavens, swept bare of clouds, and scattered with stars, appeared wonderfully deep and remote; the rabbits darted by close to our feet; the hooting owls almost brushed our clothes. We stood a moment panting with joy at finding ourselves in such a novel situation, and then Snap tossed back his head like a young colt that has regained his liberty, and set off running along the ridge at his utmost speed.

Of course I followed, and we both ut-

terly forgot poor Sampson in the bliss of that midnight enterprise; the wild flight of those clear shadows of ourselves that sped on before; the strange silence, broken by noises yet more strange, such as the snoring of an owl, as she stood on the snow picking the bones of some hairy little victim, or the forlorn squeal of a rabbit when it felt the fanning wings of its fate sailing over it in ghostlike stillness, and shutting out the light of the moon. On we ran, wild with excitement and delight. We could not be seen from the cottage, nor from the window in the mill, and we did not stop till we came to the end of the ridge, which was about half a mile long, and descended so abruptly that two or three steps too far brought Snap up to his eyes in the drift again.

And now came the return. That was more thoughtful and slow. What if we should be discovered? We were tired, too, and were in twenty minds whether to hasten or linger. To linger was to prolong the time before discovery should overtake us; but if we hastened, we might not be found out at all.

Sometimes running, sometimes loitering, we had perhaps traversed half the ridge; were very cross, rather cold, and in exceedingly low spirits, when suddenly Snap exclaimed, with a vehement shout of joy, "Hurrah! there's the horse; there's the cart;" and before I could see them his voice dropped, and he said, "I don't see Sampson."

I looked, and at the side of the ridge a very little way down the slope I saw the horse and cart, and something in the cart. The horse was standing stock still. He had evidently been guided up to the foot of the ridge, but perhaps it had proved too steep for him and he either would not or could not climb it.

We ran hastily on, well aware that Sampson must have lost his way, or he would not have gone into that hollow at all; and when we drew near we saw that he was lying in the bottom of the cart, and appeared to be dozing.

Snap was again in ecstasy. At the harvest-home, Sampson, usually the most sober of men, had been reported to have come home "a little fresh." Snap thought this was the case again, and shouted to me to come down the slope and get into the cart, for he meant to drive it to the mill himself. His joy and pride were great, and mine, I suppose, must have helped me to flounder through the snow. My hat was full of it when he helped me to climb into the clumsy thing, and I sobbed for want of

breath, but as he said it was all right, I was ashamed to cry; and he picked up the whip and began to use all his efforts to induce the horse to back. The poor beast was very stiff and weary; but blows, shouts, and vigorous pulls at the bridle roused him at last, and Snap mounted and began his triumphant progress.

But Snap, child as he was, soon perceived that though he could make the horse go, he could not make him take the direction he had intended. The creature woke up more and more, and tried the ridge in two or three different places, backing when he found he could not drag the cart up, and making for an easier slope. At last, with incredible efforts, and kickings and stumblings most lamentable, he got up. All this time poor Sampson slumbered, while we in our ignorance did not attempt to wake him, lest he should take the reins from us; all we did for him was to clear the snow from his face, and shake it from his garments, when it flew into the cart, while the horse struggled in the deep drift.

And now we were on the top of the ridge, and that accomplished the horse stood stock still again. I remember that this time it was very hard to make him move, but by dint of shouts, stamping, and use of the whip, we got him in the end to set forth on a tolerably quick trot, and we had nearly reached the path we had ascended, when out of the mill issued Mrs. Sampson, my mother, and Sarah, running as if for their lives. The happy sound of the wheels had reached them, and at the same time the exceeding noise and disturbance in the cart, together with grievous jolting and rattling, roused poor Sampson a little, and just as we stopped and Mrs. Sampson sprang into the cart, he lifted his head from his breast.

"Oh, my blessed, blessed husband!" exclaimed the poor woman, bursting into tears, and taking his head on her capacious bosom; "are you froze, John? How do you feel?"

Sampson looked about him, and raised himself. She shook him, repeating, "How do you feel, John?" Whereupon he exerted himself sufficiently to answer very slowly, "I feel as if all my bones were broke."

Never was the wisest speech received with greater applause. Mrs. Sampson and Sarah each took a foot, and began to rub unmercifully, but the process of jolting and bruising that he had just gone through was probably the best part of the discipline that brought him to his senses, for he was soon able to get down

and slowly expressed his surprise at finding it so late. He must have been dozing there some time when we had rushed along the ridge, and in our joy and hurry, we had passed without observing him.

No one took any notice of us. The moon was just setting, and I remember seeing mother standing with a pitched fagot held high to light us into the cottage by the mill. I remember also, that when first they wished Sampson to try and walk down to his door, he looked forlornly at us, and said slowly, with a deep sigh, "Women and children—women and children," but he was obliged to yield himself to our help, and we all four pushed, pulled, and supported him till he got into his house, and then he said to my mother, "Well, ma'am, I could humbly wish to know *whatever* all this means."

That one word "humbly" expressed all his manly displeasure and pride at finding himself under personal thralldom to the "women and children."

Soon after this I curled myself up in a corner of the warm kitchen, and fell asleep, when no doubt I was carried home to bed, for when I woke there, I was none the worse.

The next morning Snap was alternately penitent and exultant, and while we were waiting till my mother came down to breakfast, he made one of those speeches which, because I could not make out its meaning, I could not forget.

"I'll tell you what," said this puny philosopher, "I used always to hate the morals—but it's no good! They're in everything. It's my belief they're a part of the world. Yes, they're ingrain."

I had generally disliked the morals too; what child takes kindly to "hence we may learn?" but I by no means troubled myself as to Snap's general meaning; and my mother shortly coming down, he gave her a fair and faithful account of our midnight adventure, adding, "It is a wonder how missy ever scrambled out of that drift; it was over her head! I thought for a minute she was lost when she rolled plump into it, and the snow fell together and covered her—and so," he added, in a tone of deep reflection—"and, so mother, I've made up my mind to give it up."

"Yes," she answered, "you had better."

"For," he continued, "of course we had no business to go out at night and get into danger, and it would be fair if you were to say that was evil."

"I certainly do say so," she replied, "though I have no intention of punishing

you. I cannot even pretend that I am displeased! I am very thankful."

"Yes," said Snap, "for we saved Sampson's life."

"So now," replied my mother, "I hope I shall hear no more of this morbid fancy of yours. Here you have an easy example of how good can come out of evil, so don't lie awake again to puzzle about it. The case of Joseph is not a solitary one. It may be said a thousand times every day on earth, as it is in heaven. 'As for you, your thoughts were for evil, but God meant it unto good'—God looked on this evil, you see, and caused it to bring forth good."

"Does Snap lie awake when it's dark?" I exclaimed, "I have often tried, but I never could."

Thereupon my mother said if I would promise never to try again she would give me a bright new shilling; so I promised, and got the shilling.

Amy lost it the very next day down a crack; but a shilling was of no particular use in those days, excepting to play with, so we did not very much care; a penny would spin just as well, and was a great deal larger.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

ENGLISH RURAL POETRY.

THERE was a time when the term Rural Poetry would have been regarded as synonymous, or nearly so, with Pastoral Poetry—that is to say, the most artificial verse ever written, and which, in its legitimate form, was "a slavish mimicry of classical remains," was confounded, as at the beginning of the last century, with the poetry that describes the simple sights, sounds, and occupations of country life, the changes of the seasons, the colour of wayside flowers, the song of birds, the beauty of woods and meadows, of rivers winding through rich pasture-lands, of sunny nooks, and shady lanes, and forest glades lying close to the haunts of rustics. Before Pope's time, and after it, a city poet, who knew nothing about the life of Nature, or the ways of country livers, and who had probably never ventured beyond Epsom or Bath, would sing as a matter of course of shepherds, and shepherdesses, and produce conventional pictures of the country unlike anything that ever existed outside a verse-maker's covers. Edmund Spenser, it is true, following the examples of Theocritus and Virgil, had long before introduced this grotesque form of composition; and a still greater poet had also given a

slight sanction to it by the publication of his immortal *Lycidas*; but these poets — such is the power of genius — could make their shepherd-swains discuss dogmatic theology while tending their sheep without raising a smile, the incongruity of the position being atoned for in these cases by the rare beauty of the song. In the splendid English which Dryden knew how to write, we can enjoy a fable in which the controversy between the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England is discussed by a milk-white hind and a spotted panther.

The Pastorals of Pope, although destitute, as Warton has pointed out, of a single rural image that is new, possess a certain smoothness of versification. They are well-nigh unreadable now, and the praise they won at the time from able critics sounds ridiculous to us. Both the poetry and the criticisms upon it are as foreign to modern taste as the euphuism of Lyly; but that Pope satisfied a want of his age — which was eminently artificial and prosaic — is evident from the mass of so-called pastoral poetry that was issued during the first half of the last century. Nevertheless, Wordsworth is not far wrong in saying that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, "the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* — that is to say, from 1667 to 1728 — does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination." He might have added — for the coincidence is striking — that the year in which Thomson published the *Seasons* in a complete form, Allan Ramsay produced his beautiful pastoral of the *Gentle Shepherd*, a poem which is remarkable in many ways, and especially as presenting pictures of rustic life free from the conventional diction and the allegorical personations which deform other pastorals. Ramsay's poem is written in the Scottish dialect: in English we have no poem of the kind at that period that can bear comparison with it, for the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, exquisite though it be, is wholly devoid of the realism demanded in such a work. Of the Elizabethan dramatists, by the way, few care to describe with accuracy the varied aspects of Nature. Jonson has some choice descriptive passages in his lyrical poems — (it was he who called the nightingale "the

dear good angel of the spring"); but we recall few in his dramas, and it may be questioned whether all the plays of Webster, Massinger, Middleton, Marlowe, and Shirley could supply a page of imagery drawn from the simple objects of rural life. Shakspeare, great in all ways, is pre-eminent also in what Lord Lytton somewhat thoughtlessly calls "the very lowest degree of poetry, viz., the descriptive." In perusing dramas like Ben Jonson's *Volpone* or his *Alchemist*, the reader breathes an indoor and somewhat confined atmosphere; in reading Shakspeare he feels as if every window were thrown open, or as if he were inhaling the fresh and fragrant air of the country. And this feeling is often produced by a single line occurring in scenes which are far enough removed from the life of Nature, as, for instance, when, in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, conversing in a business way with the Provost, suddenly exclaims, "Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd," or when, in *Cymbeline*, the dull-witted Cloten hires musicians to sing under Imogen's window that most delicious of Shakspearian songs, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." Shakspeare's rural descriptions are, as they should be, incidental; but these incidental touches suffice to make the reader feel the open-air influences to which we have alluded. His affection for the violet is as noteworthy as Chaucer's for the daisy, or Wordsworth's for the celandine; and in the description of wild flowers, of birds and animals, of country pursuits and pastimes, his accuracy is unrivalled. His *As You Like It* has been justly called a pastoral comedy. Milton, on the contrary, beautiful though many of his descriptive passages are, and notwithstanding the delicious rural charm that pervades his best descriptive poems — *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* — appears sometimes to have written from book-knowledge rather than from actual observation, and his usual imagery is, therefore, occasionally defective. There are two writers, both of whom lived a little earlier than Milton, who deserve a rather prominent place as rural poets. We allude to William Browne, of Tavistock, and to Robert Herrick. Some years ago a folio edition of Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, with MSS. notes by Milton, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The notes are not critical, but they testify at least to the interest with which Milton had read the volume. In Milton's own works, however, we have stronger proofs than these notes afford, how carefully

Browne's poetry was perused. There can be little doubt that the Fourth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Pipe* suggested to the greater poet his peerless *Lycidas*, and in *Comus*, as well as *Paradise Regained*, we find traces of Browne's influence. All his poetry was produced in early life, and it won for him instant reputation, and the friendship of such men as Drayton, Ben Jonson, and Chapman. Few readers would have the patience to read pastorals now, in which English shepherds and shepherdesses, English rivers and familiar country places, are curiously associated with river-gods and wood-nymphs; yet the lover of poetry will find much in them to reward him for his toil. Picturesque descriptions, luxuriant fancy, and frequent felicity of expression, are to be found in *Britannia's Pastorals*. The verse moves sometimes very sweetly, sometimes it is rugged and impeded, like a stream held in by rocks; but whether rough or smooth, it is rarely without vitality, and you feel that you are in the company of a poet, not of a mere versifier. If Keats owed much to Spenser, it is scarcely possible to doubt that he owed something to Browne. There are passages in *Endymion* which remind us strongly of the *Pastorals*, and the wonderful picture of Madeline in the *Eve of St. Agnes* was probably suggested by a description of Browne's which if marked by conceits, is not wholly without beauty.

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'ry neck and gown unlaced,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed;
First puts she off her lily-silken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down;
And with her arms graeth a waistcoat fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair, ensnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders.

Then on her head a dressing like a crown,
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping down.

Prepares for sweetest rest while sylvens greet
her,
And longingly the down-bed swells to meet her.

Browne, like most young poets, delights in simile, and uses it lavishly. His best bits of rural landscape or description are produced in this way, and indeed his pages are studded with similes like spring meadows with buttercups. Two or three examples will suffice as specimens of Browne's style. The following will remind the reader of a passage in Shakespeare.

As children on a play-day leave the schools,
And gladly run unto the swimming pools,
Or in the thickets all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brook
Withouten pain: but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates a snail would faster
Glide to the schools than they unto their master.

Then he describes girls bringing rushes in wicker baskets to strew before the path of a bride, and the Lady of the May distributing her gifts—a garland to one, a carved hook to another, a kiss to a third, a garter to a fourth; he pictures the ballad-monger on a market day squeaking the sad choice of Tom the Miller "with as harsh a noise as ever cart-wheel made," the ploughman unyoking his team, the dairy-maiden who "draws at the udder" when

The day is waxen old
And 'gins to shut in with the marigold;

and afterwards "shortens the dew'd way" with a song newly learnt, and the melancholy angler—(evidently Browne knew nothing of his contemporary Walton, the "common father of anglers," and the happiest of men)—standing on a green bank with "a wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook." We forget the dreary mythological rubbish which Browne inserts in his *Pastorals*, in the bright, accurate, and simple representations of English rural life with which his pages abound, and the hearty love he shows for the country, and especially for the beautiful county in which he was born, wins the sympathy of the reader. Here is a brief apostrophe to Devon, which, allowing for its quaintness, all Devonshire men will appreciate:—

Hail thou, my native soil! Thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me, who can, so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed vallies, or aspiring hills;
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
mines;
Such rocks, in whom the diamond fairly shines;
And if the earth can show the like agen,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men;
None never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus.

Herrick, who lived for nineteen years in a Devonshire village—as vicar of Dean Prior—did not reciprocate Browne's feelings, but would seem, if some of his expressions may be trusted, to have found

the country dull. He calls London his home, and the blest place of his nativity, and laments that a hard fate had condemned him to a long and irksome banishment. He describes the people as "currish," and "churlish as the seas," and sings in a sort of doggerel, —

More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here,
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

The lyrical sweetness of some of Herrick's verse is unmatched by any poet of his age. He sings, bird-like, without a care, and with a freedom that seems to owe more to nature than to art. But it is the perfection of lyric art to appear artless, and in this respect he has, we think, scarcely a rival. Many of his love poems have a musical charm, a playful fancy, and at times a tenderness of feeling which take the reader captive. He will be alternately allured and repelled, won by dainty thoughts daintily expressed, and disgusted by sensuality and coarseness which must have appeared strange even in Herrick's days as coming from the pen of a clergyman. In his *Noble Numbers*, however, the poet redeems to some extent the folly of what he calls his "unbaptized rhymes." His felicity of description as a rural poet seems to show that his dislike of rural life was more feigned than real. We cannot, indeed, agree with Mr. Robert Buchanan that "Herrick's best things are his poems in praise of the country life," because we hold that the lyric beauty of many of his love poems — *The Night Piece: To Julia*, *To Anthea*, *Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may*, for example, — is of the rarest order, but doubtless many of his rural pictures are very charmingly coloured. And they are true to the life. Herrick never produces fancy landscapes. He described what he saw, and it is evident that his knowledge of rural life was not gained through "the spectacles of books." In a pleasant piece called *The Country Life* he dwells upon its felicities with a feeling that could scarcely have been feigned, and observes — which is not quite true, by the way — that the farmer's lot is the happiest because the freest from care. The festivities of the country, many of them no longer known, are thus pithily enumerated: —

For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,

Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodills and daisies crown'd;
Thy wakes, thy quintels; here thou hast
The May-poles, too, with garlands grac't;
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy shearing-feasts, which never fail;
Thy Harvest Home; thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole;
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens; thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.

In another piece he describes the *Harvest Home* as if many a time he had joined in the merriment; and in another, there is an invitation to his Corinna to go a-Maying, which, although written two hundred years since, has the fresh dew of youth and beauty about it still.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is gone up and gone to bring in may,
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we had left to dream;
And some have wept, and wo'd, and plighted
troth,
And chose their priests ere we can throw off
sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

and then he adds, with an epicurean conviction, that since the future will bring sorrow, and life is short, and our days "once lost can ne'er be found again," the present should be seized for enjoyment.

Come let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

Strange that Herrick — whose *Hesperides* was the favorite volume of country gentlemen in the days of Charles II., whose songs were set to music by Henry Lawes and other musicians of the day, and who, with all his faults, literary and moral, was a true poet — should have been allowed no place in our anthologia, while such mean rhymesters as Smith, Duke, Halifax, and Harte — men who never wrote a line betokening genius — have had their miserable productions mummified among the works of British poets. Both Herrick and Browne are included in the list of poets "sealed of the tribe of Ben," whom Jonson, in his mature age, and in the plenitude of his power, collected round him in the Apollo Club. The famous dramatist affirmed that Browne's worth was good "upon the exchange of let-

ters." Browne returned the praise with interest, and Herrick, upon the death of Jonson, whom he terms "the rare arch-poet," pronounced that the glory of the stage had departed.

Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, walked to Scotland to see his friend Drummond of Hawthornden — a poet, who lived, as he himself describes it, in a "sweet solitary place," and who might have known much of Nature from direct intercourse; but his knowledg  is bookish, and his sonnets, graceful though many of them be, are the fruits of culture, and exhibit a second-hand acquaintance with natural objects. Probably, the most lovely piece of rural description produced by any of Drummond's contemporaries is the *Complete Angler* of Izaak Walton — a perfect prose pastoral, full of simplicity and tenderness and natural feeling, and of an intense enjoyment of Nature in her simplest forms. Beautifully does Wordsworth say that "Fairer than Life itself is this sweet Book" of Walton's; and the reader who is familiar with it will have marked the fine sympathy with which Mr. Field has expressed the feeling and poetry of the volume in his picture this year at the Royal Academy. Walton, who has left such valuable records of Hooker and Donne, of Sanderson, Wotton and George Herbert, appears to have known nothing of Milton, who was born fifteen years after him, and died nine years before him, nor of Marvel, who died four years after his friend, the great epic poet. It is probable that men were separated more widely in those days by theological and political differences than they were united by a common love of literature and learning. Milton, the iconoclast, the priest-hater, the friend of Cromwell, makes no allusion to the most eloquent writer of his or, perhaps, of any age — Jeremy Taylor; nor does Taylor, the Royal chaplain, betray the slightest acquaintance with the greatest of his contemporaries, and one of the greatest of English poets. Marvel made himself chiefly famous as a politician; but he claims our attention as having written a few beautiful poems, which are impregnated with a fine rural flavour. One of these — *Thoughts in a Garden* — in which he speaks of the mind withdrawing into its happiness and

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade,

may be regarded, according to Mr. Palgrave — and we think he is right — "as a test of

any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of poetry."

It is possible, as we have seen, to discover many gems of rural verse hidden amidst the works of our earlier poets; but just as landscape painting in England may be said to have commenced with Gainsborough and Reynolds, although English landscape painters existed before their day, so, speaking broadly, may Thomson and Cowper be accounted the genuine fathers of English rural poetry. Their descriptions of Nature are fuller, and, if we except the incidental touches of our greatest poets, more truthful than those produced at an earlier period, and they led to the more profound, and even more accurate, study of Nature exhibited by Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott, and Tennyson. Thomson's artificial diction, and his frequent conventionality of thought, have greatly lessened the popularity he once enjoyed. At the beginning of this century every school-girl possessed a copy of the *Seasons*, and could recite long passages from the poem. It is a pretty safe prediction to affirm that, at the close of it, if the *Seasons* are still found upon the shelf, they will be dust-covered, and unknown to all but students of poetry; yet Thomson did a great work in his time, for he brought Nature nearer to us, and proved, what ought never to have needed proof, but seemed to have been long forgotten, that poetic thought can gain some of its richest nutriment from natural objects. Pope, who could not describe Nature, spoke sneeringly of descriptive poetry; but no poet since Thomson's day has adopted Pope's view. Between the publication of the *Seasons* and of the *Task* lived two lyric poets, whose united verse can be compressed within a tiny volume. "A great wit," said Cowley, "is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body: on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates." This remark may be fittingly applied to Gray and Collins. They wrote very little, but what they did write is exquisite. Probably, the two best descriptive poems in the language are the *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* of Milton; but Gray's *Elegy* contains something more than description. The rural imagery of the piece is very lovely; but its pathetic sentiment touches every heart. So perfect is the poem, that there is not a line — scarcely, indeed, a word — that one could wish to see altered; yet it is difficult to believe that Gray's taste was not a little finical when it led him to omit this lovely stanza — as beautiful, surely, as any one that is retained: —

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

In Gray's *Odes*, by the way, noble though they be, there is not a little of what may fairly be called the jargon of poetry, — a jargon that was not only admissible but even appreciated when Gray wrote. In these *Odes*, for instance, a cat is called a "hapless nymph," and a boy trundling a hoop is said "to chase the rolling circle's speed;" and these are but ordinary examples of the artificial style of composition in which Gray sometimes indulged. There is, perhaps, less of it in Collins, who, in two of the loveliest of his lyrics, — the *Ode to the Brave*, and the *Ode to Evening* — is wholly free from this vice. Poor Collins died in a madhouse in 1756, just a year before his contemporary, John Dyer, published *The Fleece*, a poem which, as the title implies, is specifically rural in character. It is a queer medley, for the writer not only aims at poetical description, but endeavours also in heavy blank verse to give a minute account of agricultural and manufacturing operations, which no man, however highly endowed, could treat poetically. The poem exhibits more of knowledge than of fancy, more of invention than imagination, but Dyer's *Grongar Hill* and his *Country Walk* are marked by an airiness of versification and a vividness of description which remind us of Thomas Warton. Both Warton and Dyer caught their best notes from *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; and Dyer, although he cannot flood his landscape with poetic light, has at least the power of bringing its separate features clearly before the eye.

With two signal exceptions, the poetry of the latter half of the last century bears few marks of high inspiration or of any special intercourse with nature. Then Dr. Johnson produced his *London*, and *Vanity of Human Wishes*, — weighty poems, both of them, but more remarkable for manly thought than for poetical imagination. Then Hayley sung his platitudes, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, and Bloomfield, a small rural poet, chirped feebly of the country, and Churchill ("the great Churchill," Cowper called him) wrote his scurrilous satires, and Goldsmith (of whom we shall have a word or two to say presently), whose exquisite felicity of style has secured to him a permanent place in literature, produced two beautiful poems, one of which deserves notice for its sweet pastoral passages. Then Falconer, who was

destined to perish at sea, published *The Shipwreck*, and Grainger *The Sugar-Cane*, and Armstrong, according to Churchill's verdict, "taking leave of sense," read in verse —

Musty lectures on *Benevolence*,

and Kit Smart the mad poet, whose dislike of clean linen was shared by Dr. Johnson, and who, before his confinement in a mad-house used to walk for exercise to the ale-house, but was *carried* back again, published very indifferent odes, which his biographer mistook for fine poems. Smart also produced a Georgic called *The Hop Garden*, composed in an artificial pretentious style, which may, however, have done some service as showing how rural poetry ought not to be written. Imagine a man deliberately writing a long poem in blank verse, the average quality of which may be judged from the following passage: —

— Select the choicest hop t' insert
Fresh in the opening glebe. Say, then, my Muse,
Its various kinds; and from the effete and vile
The eligible separate with care.
The noblest species is by Kentish wights
The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has given a stouter stalk, patient of cold,
Or Phœbus; ev'n in youth his verdant blood
In brisk saltation circulates and flows
Indefinitely vigorous. The next
Is arid, fetid, infecund and gross,
Significantly styled the Friar. The last
Is called the Savage, who in every wood
And every hedge unintrud'ed intrudes.
When such the merit of the candidates,
Easy is the election.

No one who has not made it his painful task to turn over such lumber can imagine what a mass of similar rubbish is to be found in the closely-printed volumes which are said upon their title-pages to contain the works of the British poets. Of rural poetry, — which, if the bull may be excused, is not poetry — the last century produced a load large enough, if a man were doomed to read it all, to make him loathe the very thought of verse. Pastorals, Bucolics, Georgics, follow one another in dreary succession and in the futile effort of bad rhymesters to imitate good poets. Nature, which is supposed to form the subject of the verse, is left out of it altogether. The latter half of the century displayed on a wider scale than the preceding half the vices of these arid versifiers, but it produced, also, a Cowper and a Burns, two poets who, in conjunction with, but in a

larger degree than Thomson, may be said to have commenced a new era in English poetry.

"What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*!" said Burke. "They beat all; Pope, and Philips, and Spenser too, in my opinion." Goldsmith's pastoral images are pretty, and they are true,—indeed, fitter epithets could not have been applied to them. We may also readily admit that they beat Pope, who was the poet of society, and knew little of nature. Neither is it much to say that they beat Philips, too,—“namby-pamby” Philips, whose pastorals were ridiculed so cleverly by Pope in the *Guardian*; but to compare Goldsmith's rural pictures with the broad and splendid landscape of Spenser is to confound things that essentially differ, unless, indeed, Burke had the *Shepherd's Calendar* in mind, and not the *Faerie Queene*.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was published in 1770, the year in which Wordsworth was born; Cowper's *Task* appeared in 1785, and the influence of that poem on our poetical literature can scarcely be over-estimated. Mr. Lowell, whose critical judgment is almost always sound, has said that, in his opinion, "Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for everyday wear," and in these words he does justice to his homely and sterling qualities. Cowper frequently takes false views of politics and society: he has strong prejudices, great weaknesses, and for some of his mistakes we can only find an excuse in the malady that consumed him; but in his love and knowledge of nature he is always sympathetic, always veracious, and it is not difficult to credit his assertion that he took nothing at second-hand. A critic has said recently: "It is utterly idle to contend that Cowper came within leagues of Pope as a poet;" but, in spite of this decision, it is a question that from one point of view may be not unreasonably discussed. The influence of poets upon poets is, perhaps, the most striking proof of their genius. Spenser's power over his successors has been well-nigh limitless, and it may be safely said that the poetical sway of Cowper has not only been more beneficial, but also more extended than that of Pope, whose school, as Southey remarked, has produced no poet. Moreover, the genius of these poets lies in such different directions that they cannot fairly be compared. Cowper had not the delicate fancy displayed by Pope in the *Rape of the Lock*, nor had he the trenchant wit which entitles Pope to be ranked as our

greatest satirist in verse; but on the other hand, he had rare gifts scarcely known to his predecessor, a pathos surpassingly tender, a humour of which Pope had no trace, and, above all, the poet's gift, yet a gift denied to Pope, of describing and interpreting nature.

Of Crabbe, who followed Cowper, and who holds a distinct position among our descriptive poets, it has been well said that he handles life so as to take the bloom off it. His descriptions of scenery, like his descriptions of character, are wonderfully truthful, but, having no sense of beauty, he sees little that is not repulsive in either. Like Cowper, he is a matter-of-fact poet, but Cowper's humour saved him from the pitfalls into which Crabbe sometimes stumbled. Moreover, Cowper loved the scenery he described so accurately; Crabbe, with equal accuracy is wanting in the love and enthusiasm which warmed the poet of *The Task*. Crabbe did not die until 1832, but he must be numbered with Cowper among the poets of the last century; for, although his *Borough* appeared in 1810, twenty-seven years after the publication of *The Village*, he had no share in the great poetical revolution which distinguished the earlier years of this century.

It was a wonderful period in our literature, and if it lacked some qualities of sterling value, it gave us much of which the eighteenth century was comparatively barren—splendour of imagination, a passionate force which imparted new life to language, an ardent love of nature that produced as profound an influence in poetry as Turner exercised in plastic art, a width and freedom of range that would have dismayed the correct poetasters who followed in the wake of Pope.

The great poets of the age lived in the eye of nature. Wordsworth, the greatest of them all, studied his art out-of-doors. "Nine-tenths of my verses," he said, "have been murmured in the open air." Scott's poetry, like his prose, carries with it the scent of the heather. No one ever enjoyed scenery more, and few have described it with more accuracy and brightness of colour. Coleridge, when he wrote his loveliest verse, was a country-liver. Shelley, who caught with unerring precision every aspect of nature, was a wanderer through the best portion of his brief life, and found his grave at last in the ocean that he loved so well. Keats, London born and bred, adored nature as a lover worships his mistress, and sings of her as though he had been cradled

on her bosom; and Byron found his chief joy and his noblest inspiration from intercourse with the mighty mother. The spirit awakened by these illustrious men has been at work ever since, and the poets of our own day are remarkable beyond all save the greatest poets that have preceded them for a profound study of nature. It is not to men who are essentially rural poets that we must look for the best rural poetry, not to a Clare, truthful as his descriptions are, so much as to a Wordsworth; not to a Barnes though his *Poems of Rural Life* display a freshness of thought and a fidelity of description worthy of high praise, so much as to a Mrs. Browning or a Mr. Tennyson. A great master of the greatest of all arts deals in the first place with human emotion, and to this his affection for nature must ever be subordinate. The beauty he sees around him suggests thoughts and gives a rich colouring to language, but to describe it can never be his highest object any more than it is the single aim of the artist to be a superb colourist. Wordsworth never forgets man in his intercourse with nature, and, indeed, the exquisite charm of his most exquisite descriptions consists in the way in which he blends the deepest feelings of the heart with the sights and sounds and hues of nature. Always with him there is, to use his own words—

— Some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

And even when in the ardour of his love he prefers the knowledge to be gained from natural objects to that derived from books, it is because it will best teach him about man, the highest study of the poet:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

It is scarcely needful to point out how the same feeling pervades the idyllic poetry of Mr. Tennyson. In some of those almost faultless poems, which, like Wordsworth's *Brothers*, may, in the best sense of the word, be called pastorals—*The Gardiner's Daughter*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and *The Brook*, for example—it is interesting to note how closely-linked is the human sympathy and the sympathy with nature, how the one love blends with and purifies the other. Can there be a more perfect rural picture than the following? Yet lovely as it

is, as a simple description, its beauty is enhanced a thousandfold when we remember how this outward joy and serenity is in harmony with the exultant bliss of the lover on that bright May morning:—

— The steer forgot to graze,
And where the hedge-row cuts the path-way,
stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves,
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he neared
His happy home, the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled, and the nightingale
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.

Both Wordsworth and Tennyson are able by a line, almost by a word, to transport the city-dweller into the open country, so that he hears the lowing of cattle, the music of birds and streams, scents the fragrance of flowers, and sees with the "inward eye" the forest glade and mountain valley. Indeed, so thoroughly have these poets, if the phrase may be allowed, taken possession of nature, that a lover of her and of them finds himself continually haunted by their music, or using their words, as he loiters leisurely through the country.

If he sees a row of pigeons deep in contemplation upon a cottage roof, he remembers how these birds have been described as "sunning their milky bosoms on the thatch;" in the solitude of forests he recalls Wordsworth's injunction to touch with gentle hand, "for there is a spirit in the woods;" the shrill crowing of the cock, returned as it so often is from adjoining farmsteads, suggests the couplet:—

On tiptoe rear'd he strains his clarion throat,
Threaten'd by faintly answering farms remote.

A stream that moves quietly along, "glideth at his own sweet will;" wayside flowers, the daisy, the celandine, or the primrose, have each an appropriate line of commemoration which the sight of them brings back to the memory; and who is there that, while listening to the sounds heard upon a warm day of summer in a lovely English park, has not echoed Mr. Tennyson's most musical couplet?—

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

If Keats had lived out a full life, instead of gaining in early manhood "a grave among the eternal," it is probable that so dear a lover of nature would have enriched our poetical literature with rural imagery to as large an extent as Wordsworth or Tennyson. As it is, the small volume he has left behind him is brimful of overflowing of glorious poetry, and the fidelity of his descriptions is as remarkable as the richness of his imagination. Mrs. Browning had more leisure to complete her life's work, and in some respects the result is more satisfactory. She, like Keats, was a poet to the heart's core, and read love and politics and all great social questions in the light of a noble imagination. Like Keats, too, she knew much of Nature, and her rural pictures are as faithful and accurate as if, like poor Clare, it had formed the one aim of her genius to "babble of green fields." It is impossible, in treating, of necessity very briefly, and imperfectly, a large topic like English Rural Poetry, to do more than hint at subjects which might fairly demand a volume for their consideration. This much, perhaps, we have made clear, that the love of rural beauty and the knowledge of rural life have been most largely displayed by our poets within the present century, that it is not to the poets who have confined their attention to rural objects we must necessarily look for the finest examples of rural poetry, and that the artificial verse known under the name of pastoral was the result of a false conception, which the poets of this century have replaced by a true one. Goethe in his *Hermann and Dorothea* had shown how possible it was for a great poet to write a great pastoral poem. Wordsworth, in *The Brothers*, already mentioned, in *Michael*, in the *Waggoner*, in the *Old Cumberland Beggar*, and other poems of similar character, has shown also that pastorals may be written which shall be wholly free from "the childish prattlement," as Cowper termed it, of these compositions, as produced by Shenstone, Cunningham, and other rhymesters. Mr. Tennyson, while maintaining an entirely original treatment, has followed in the same track, and so successfully, that it is probable he is better known to some readers as the author of the poems we have already mentioned than as the poet of *In Memoriam*, of *Morte d'Arthur* and of *Ænone*. We refrain from dwelling upon the rural poetry of other living poets; but did space permit, it would be interesting to point out how accurately and affectionately the simpler aspects of nature

have been observed by Mr. Matthew Arnold (note particularly his *Scholar Gipsy*, with its lovely glimpses of Oxford scenery); by Mr. Buchanan, whose special gift it is to depict, as in *Willie Baird* and *Poet Andrew*, the scenes and passions of rural life; by Miss Jean Ingelow, whose charm as a versifier lies wholly, as it seems to us, in her idyllic pieces; and by other poets, who maintain more or less worthily the honour of English poetry. "The English Muse," says Mr. Emerson, "loves the farm-yard, the lane, and market. She says with De Stäel, 'I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds.'" The assertion is curiously one-sided: for the poets of this country — witness Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Shelley, and Wordsworth — are distinguished beyond all others of the modern world for splendour of imagination; but it may be said of them with truth that, while exercising the poet's highest faculty, they do not lose sight of the common ways of men and of what we in our ignorance are accustomed to call the common objects of nature. They

— Soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE KRIEGSSPIEL.

WE have long been told that "what is called inspiration in war, is nothing but the result of calculation quickly made," and this "the result of cabinet study or experience;" but probably few of us guessed to what an extent cabinet study might be made to imitate real experience, until we became acquainted with the now celebrated *Kriegsspiel*, on which the Prussian military attaché, Major Roerdansz, has recently lectured at our military institutions. We have sometimes solaced ourselves with the thought, that we had frequent opportunities of 'testing officers' ability in some colonial war, insignificant perhaps in extent, but valuable in the lessons it taught and the experience it bequeathed. But what shall we say of a nation who, during a long period of profound peace, learn to play the terrible game of war so excellently that the results of three campaigns hardly display a false move or an erroneous calculation? The trumpet sounds, the study doors of the military establishments open, and there come forth, not book worms or theoretical soldiers,

but masters of grim war, carrying out their plans and pouring forth their hosts, not perhaps with the rapidity of a Buonaparte, but with a precision and power that resemble some vast irresistible engine of battle. Much of the necessary knowledge has, no doubt, been acquired in their autumn campaigns, but we believe that the most distinguished Prussian generals lay still greater stress on the lessons learned indoors at the fortnightly exercise of the Kriegsspiel. It is high time, then, to examine the game to which Prince Frederick Charles, the Crown Prince, nay even Von Moltke himself, profess to owe so much. The Kriegsspiel may be described as the Prussian method of playing out the tactics of war, by means of maps very carefully made and contoured, and small lead blocks, representing every formation of troops, made to the exact scale of the map, and coloured so as to indicate the cavalry, artillery, and infantry of two hostile armies. The peculiarity is, that all the conditions of service are copied sufficiently closely to keep the players constantly reminded of the contingencies arising in actual war.

The game is played in the following way. Two officers, who must have some experience in the handling of troops, act as the generals of the miniature contending forces, each being provided with a certain staff to assist him in placing his men, which means fixing the position of, not only each company, but each individual vedette. A "chief umpire" must be appointed of undeniable skill and judgment, whose decisions in all matters are final, and under him one umpire must act for each side.

The chief umpire draws up what is termed the "general idea" of the proposed game; that is to say, he appoints the definite end to be aimed at by each army, and he fixes their bases of operations and the number of their respective troops, naming a fictitious day and month for the supposed commencement of operations. The map of the country is, with this "general idea," submitted to each commander in turn, who keeps it for two or three days and studies every road and every feature of ground presented by the map; on which the most minute details are given, even to whether the trees in the plantations are evergreens or such as become bare in winter. On the time of year named will depend the state of roads or fords. Each commander next draws up his own "special idea," which expresses the general line of action by which he proposes to carry out the object set before him. This he sub-

mits to the umpire-in-chief, who is then in a position to judge whether the opposing forces, following out their own "special ideas," will come into such collision as will lead to an instructive game, or whether, as in some cases may happen, they will avoid each other, so that there would be little use in playing their game out.

On the approval of the chief umpire, the two generals take the field, each one disposing his troops, as nearly as possible, as if on actual service. Thus, a general would not be able to see the formation of his enemy until he arrived within a certain distance; therefore each commander is called into the room in turn, and directed to carry out his design, move by move, while a covering is laid over the forces of his adversary until such time as they would actually come in sight. A "move" consists in the advance of all the troops for such a distance on the map, as might be accomplished in reality in two minutes; the allowance made, for infantry, being 175 yards ordinarily, at times of special excitement and interest 200 yards, or, at the "double" 300 yards in two minutes. For cavalry, at a walk 200 yards, at a trot 350 to 500 yards, at a gallop 600 yards, and at full charge 750 yards per move, is allowed. While the armies are far apart, and all is covered over, each general may advance his troops by as much as ten moves together, but as the plot thickens, and more and more depends on their relative positions at each moment, the armies are brought down to two moves, to single moves, or at any crisis, to half moves, in succession.

The spectators and umpires, thus, see all that goes on, while each commander only sees what would be visible in actual war; and it must be understood that he is bound to fix his own personal position and only change it by feasible galloping moves, not by flying about at will to any part of his army. The uncovering of his enemy's forces will appear to him in the following way. On the enemy arriving within 2,500 yards of his vedettes or advanced troops, his umpire will claim for him to be informed, and a vedette will be, as it were, sent galloping in to him, the distance being measured and the information of what was visible to the vedette being communicated to him at the moment at which the message would arrive. The greatest nicety is here insisted on. Should the ground be steep or heavy, the "move" of the vedette is curtailed, just as his horse's stride would be shortened in reality. As the general himself arrives within 2,500

yards the troops are actually uncovered, unless there are special features in the ground which would conceal them. So at length the actual collision of the forces occurs. And now comes the most ingenious, though perhaps not the most valuable, feature in the game, namely, the representation of the varying fortunes and uncertainties in war, by means of calculated tables of probabilities, and by the throw of dice. A die having six sides, a table is drawn up formed of six rows with the numbers belonging to the faces placed in six squares in each row. The first row gives even chances, such as would be taken when two perfectly equal forces meet under equally favourable conditions, and when the two generals elect to try their fortunes by the onset. In this row, the numbers 1, 3 and 5 would be coloured dark, and if thrown, would give success to one force, while 2, 4 and 6 would give it to the other; slight success being won by the figures 1 or 2, decided success by 3 or 4, and complete by 5 or 6. According to the number thrown the beaten troops would be made to move back; and they would limit their future action according to the decision of the chief umpire. Thus, after complete defeat (given by 2 or 6) troops would be incapable of acting for, at all events, twenty minutes or ten moves.

The second row of squares on the table have the same numbers repeated, but two are dark and three light, and the sixth counts as a blank and must be thrown again. Here, then, the odds are three to two for the light colour. The third row gives four to two, and so on, the last giving five to one. These would be taken to represent cases where a general was compelled to accept battle at a disadvantage, either in position or in men; when he might, as on actual service, obtain a success, but where the odds would be against him. The results of artillery and infantry fire are formed into a similar table, the calculated losses being noted down and from time to time taken away from the suffering army.

When, however, the troops become completely engaged all along the line, the game is generally discontinued, the most instructive part being then at an end.

Whatever military skill is necessary to qualify a man to take part in such a game, very little is needed to enable the mind to estimate the value of it. It affords, so Major Roerdanz and the Prussian authorities generally consider, first-rate instruction in tactics, practice in the read-

ing and use of maps, in writing out dispositions, in giving clear and decided orders, and in appreciating the value of time and space. An officer vividly realizes the rapidity with which, on occasion, cavalry cross the ground as compared with infantry; he learns the terrible time it takes troops to file across a bridge; and he experiences, in a manner, the anxiety he would feel on actual service during such an operation; for, be it observed, much reputation is won in Prussia by success in this exercise. We may add, that the Kriegsspiel has, in a great measure, revolutionized and shaped afresh the nature of instruction given in the military establishments in Prussia. To have its full force, it is desirable occasionally to carry out afterwards, in manoeuvres over the actual country depicted, some programme that has been worked out by the Kriegsspiel.

Is it too much to say, that the unveiling of the pieces of this game reveals a strange source of Prussian skill and success in war? Suppose, for example, we, like the writer of the *Battle of Dorking*, contemplate the case, which we trust is never likely to be a reality, of a German army landing in some quarter of England. We should certainly, at the present moment, look with some anxiety at the efforts of almost any English general. We have a commander who has had, perhaps, some experience in Indian warfare, and has moved a few troops about in a general sort of way at Aldershot, or at the Curragh; but his adversary has fought his Kriegsspiel under all conceivable circumstances again and again over the actual ground, as far as it could be represented by our admirable Ordnance Survey. He has again and again followed the track of the various roads. He has had to consider whether, owing to the cross-sleepers being raised or sunk into the ground, cavalry could, or could not, trot along any particular railway, if required to do so. He has felt the annoyance of the delay occasioned by the steepness of any particular hill delaying the pace of the half-winded horse of a vedette. He has discussed the size of our fields and the thickness of our hedges, and he has referred doubtful points to officers who have travelled in England, with the eyes and ears that were used to such purpose in France previous to the war, and the hands and heads that, in spite of French vigilance, measured the slope of the Paris forts, and calculated the angle at which to breach them in the presence of the very guards of the

Emperor. Not only might a Prussian general have done all this, but he might have done it under the eye and criticism of Von Moltke himself, with his forty years' Kriegsspiel brought to practice and tested by autumn manœuvres, and crowned by two of the most successful campaigns of this century, undertaken against what were considered the two greatest military Powers in Europe.

A nation that will learn even by dearly bought experience, is a nation above the average; perhaps, therefore we express an unreasonable wish when we hope that we may value this experience, presented as it were gratis to us, and that we may avail ourselves of it although it has cost us nothing. Prussia, who no longer fears an attack has given us a guarantee of good faith in that she has, in a measure, dropped the reserve that so long characterized her military policy. But do not let us flatter ourselves that Prussia is the only enemy who could cope with us. At the moment of her greatest prostration France could have taken Belgium, had we been the only obstacle in her way, in spite of our political pretensions and the pictures in our popular newspapers. May we be wise in time, and be prepared before, not after, our day of trial!

From The Economist.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE political position in France is very perilous and very characteristic. No party has the strength to wait, and no party has the strength to outvote and constitutionally overpower the others. M. Thiers threatens them all in turns, and remains still the key of the situation. He tells the Monarchists, not without truth, in answer to their reproach that he does not lean on the majority, that when he looks for the majority, "he finds nothing but a conspiracy." He tells the Left, on the other hand, that he will defend the compact of Bordeaux — the compact to leave the definitive settlement of the form of Government till the Germans have left the soil of France — even against the Republicans. And while M. Thiers lives and retains the spirit thus to use each party against the other, and to keep his stand on the arrangement made at the end of the war for temporary purposes, he will probably have his way. The mere fact that he represents a temporary arrangement is a political advantage to him. It wins all the temporizers, and all

those who are not temporizers, but who believe that time will work in their favour, and besides these it wins some who are neither temporizers nor believers in the abstract advantage of waiting, but who are simply unready. In addition to all these it wins a few, we suppose, — we fear they are not more than a few, — who feel honourably bound by the compact of Bordeaux, and who honestly hold that the country can hardly decide freely on the form of constitution which it is safest to try, while there is still so great a danger to face as the chance of a further collision with Germany. Thus M. Thiers has, we think, no small chance of defeating the various impatient parties crystalizing around him, by the (in France) very unusual exhibition of resolve to adhere strictly to a political compact which satisfies nobody, but which leaves to everybody hope. We do not say that, so long as he lives, the *ad interim* régime will be maintained, for he may very likely live till the German occupation is at an end, which can hardly fail to put an end to the *ad interim* régime, and he may fail some day to hold his own even before the Germans quit the soil; but we do say that he has a very excellent chance of beating the mercurial and hesitating parties opposed to him, and foiling even the best conceived of all the plans for driving him from office — that which would elect the Duc d'Aumale as Vice-president of the Republic under him, with power to fill his place in case of his suddenly failing or resigning his place. We call this the best of the plans for driving him from office, because, firstly, it would not be a breach of the compact of Bordeaux, while it would be equivalent to an expression of want of confidence in him; and next, because it would be aimed at the one prominent weakness M. Thiers has exhibited — his weakness for resigning whenever he cannot get his own way. M. Thiers has, we suspect, an excellent chance of defeating even this well-conceived plan to get rid of himself, for both the Right and the Left have very little confidence in the ultimate solution, whenever, by M. Thiers's death, or by the German evacuation, or by the success of the plot to manœuvre him into resignation, the time comes for the country to choose definitively its new form of Government. The suspense continues not because the people can wait, and prefer waiting, till the danger of German menace is at an end, but because every party and every section of every party is so tremulous with impatient excitement that it cannot bear to risk a false move. The

Legitimists cannot determine how much to yield to the Orleanists, and the Orleanists cannot determine how much to yield to the Legitimists; the Right and Centre dare not combine to attack the Republic, and the Republicans dare not openly attack the Monarchists; the Conservative Republicans do not know how much to yield to the Radical Republicans, and the Radical Republicans do not know how much to yield to the Reds. All are in such a twitter, because nobody knows their own strength, and nobody will risk anything to try it. Yet for all alike genuine patience, the genuine faculty of waiting stolidly and not anticipating the future at all, is not only non-existent but impossible. The Assembly quivers, day after day, like the leaves on an aspen tree with the emotion of its expectation and its dread. The work of administration, the work of providing a proper army and a proper tariff, of reorganizing French finance and reducing the currency within limits, is all more or less delayed and injured by the nervous intensity of the French emotion about the ultimate problem of parties — Monarchy or Republic; if Monarchy, what régime? if Republic, of what kind — Conservative or Progressive?

And yet it is precisely the intensity of this nervous emotion which assures us that when the moment comes for settling the question at last, it will be settled on some unsatisfactory and unstable basis. The people who care so much more about the means than the end, the form of Government than the result of Government, who are so impatient for the catastrophe that they can hardly listen to the drama, are very unlikely to accept quietly any of those practical solutions which, in such a matter, are alone possible. And as far as anybody can see, even the army is not likely to throw its very great weight decisively into any scale. M. Gambetta boasts not

without strong facts on his side, that a great part of the regular army is strongly Republican; another part is unquestionably Monarchical; and some of the troops are certainly Imperialists. Thus there is but too much danger that whenever the final catastrophe can no longer be averted by M. Thiers's dexterity, the result may but too probably bring with it a great danger of civil war. The only sort of compromise which, in our belief, would avert this, would be the choice of some one welcome to the Monarchical party, like the Duc d'Aumale, to take the chief office under a constitution welcome to the Republican party, in other words, to succeed M. Thiers as President of the Republic. But whether this most promising sort of compromise is possible to the frenzied parties of France seems more and more doubtful. In the first place, it is doubtful whether the Duc d'Aumale would consent to abandon the pretensions of his nephew to the Throne. In the next place, it is very doubtful whether the Republicans would hear for a moment of such a President without treating the whole thing as a Monarchical conspiracy, and *by so treating it, forcing it to become so*; and in the last place it is certain that the Legitimists would oppose such a solution with all their power. Thus, the more we look at the present situation in France, the more fear we feel for the result. There is no sign whatever of that tendency to mutual concession which must precede a stable settlement; and though M. Thiers may very likely out-general his adversaries for some time longer, he is not producing — we question very much whether he is in any degree trying to produce — that alleviation of the bitterness of party spirit, that wish to arrive at some result in which all the nation concurs, which must precede any settlement that is not to be achieved by civil war.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity was recently found by some Broadstairs boatmen at the back of the Goodwin Sands, and was brought by the finders on shore at Broadstairs. It consists of two pieces of wreck, logs of wood some 12 or 14 feet long, and more completely covered with living barnacles than any piece of wreck ever before seen by the oldest sailor on the coast. The owners exhibit their findings on the pier, and much interest is excited when the logs with their living burden are fed. The feeding consists

of their being dipped in the sea off the jetty at high tide. The boatmen have placed themselves in communication both with Mr. Buckland and the Crystal Palace authorities, and they say that it has been arranged that the Crystal Palace Company will take the curiosities, and that a trough is being constructed for their safe conveyance. The barnacles are the common "*Pentelasmis anatifera*," from which, as Dr. Harvey says, "our ancestors believed that barnacle geese were sprung." Public Opinion.